W46

WILLOBY HIS AVISA

OR,

The true Picture of a modest MAIDE, and of a chaste and constant WIFE.

Wherunto is added an Apologie, shewing the true meaning of *Willoby* his *Avisa*: With the victory of English Chastitie.

The fifth time corrected and Augmented.

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No. 2 Bigot

To all the conſtant Ladies and *Gentlewomen of England that feare God.*

PArdon me (ſweete Ladies) if at this preſent, I depriue you of a iuſt Apologie in defence of your conſtant Chaſtities, deſerued of many of you, and long ſithence promiſed by my ſelfe, to ſome of you: and pardon me the ſooner, for that I haue long expected that the ſame ſhould haue beene performed by ſome of your ſelues, which I know are well able, if you were but ſo well willing to write in your owne praiſe, as many men in theſe dayes (whoſe tongues are tipt with poyſon) are too ready and ouer willing to ſpeake and write to your diſgrace. This occaſion had been moſt fit, (publiſhing now the praiſe of a conſtant Wife) if I had beene but almoſt ready. But the future time may againe reueale as fit a meanes hereafter for the performance of the ſame: if ſo it ſeeme good to him that moderateth all. Concerning this booke which I haue promiſed to dedicate to the ſafe protection of your accuſtomed curteſies, if you aske mee for the perſons: I am al-

together ignorant of them, and haue set them downe onely as I finde them named or desciphered in my authour. For the truth of this action, if you enquire, I will more fully deliuer my opinion hereafter. Touching the substance of the matter it selfe, I thinke verily that the nature, words, gestures, promises, and very quint essence, as it were, is there liuely described, of such lewde chapmen as vse to entise silly Maids, and assaile the Chastitie of honest women. And no doubt but some of you, that haue beene tryed in the like case, (if euer you were tried) shall in some one part or other acknowledge it to be true. If mine Author haue found a Britaine *Lucretia*, or an English *Susanna*, enuy not at her praise (good Ladyes) but rather endeauour to deserue the like, There may be as much done for any you, as he hath done for his AVISA. Whatsoeuer is in me, I haue vowed it wholy, to the exalting of the glory of your sweete sexe, as time, occasion and ability shall permit. In the meane time I rest yours in all dutifull affection, and commend you all to his protection, vnder whose mercy, we enioy all.

Yours most affectionate

Hadrian Dorrell.

To

To the gentle and courteous Reader.

IT is not long ſithence (gentle Reader) that my very good friend and chamberfellow M. Henry Willoby, a young man and a ſcholler of very good hope, being deſirous to ſee the faſhions of other countries for a time, departed voluntary to her Maieſties ſeruice. Who at his departure choſe me amongſt the reſt of his friends, vnto whom he repoſed ſo much truſt, that he deliuered me the key of his ſtudy and the vſe of all his bookes till his returne. Amongſt which (peruſing them at leiſure) I found many pretty and witty conceits, as I ſuppoſe of his owne doing. One among the reſt I fancied ſo much, that I haue ventured ſo farre vpon his friendſhip, as to publiſh it without his conſent. As I thinke it not neceſſarie, to be ouer curious in another mans labour, ſo yet ſomething I muſt ſay for the better vnderſtanding of the whole matter. And therefore, firſt for the thing it ſelfe, whether it be altogether fained, or in ſome part true, or altogether

true, and yet in most part poetically shadowed, you must giue me leaue to speake by coniecture, and not by knowledge. My coniecture is doubtful, and therefore I make you the Iudges. Concerning the name of Auisa, *I thinke it to be a fained name like vnto* Ouids Corinna, *and there are two causes that make me thus to thinke: First, for that I neuer heard of any of that name that I remember; and next, for that in a voide Paper rolled vp in this booke, I found this very name* AVISA, *written in great letters, a pretty distance a sunder, and vnder euery letter, a word beginning with the same letter, in this forme.*

A. V. I. S. A.

Amans. Vxor. inuiolata. semper. amanda.

That is in effect. A louing wife, that neuer violated her faith, is alwayes to be beloued. *Which makes me coniecture, that he minding for his recreation to set out the Idæa of a constant wife, (rather describing what good Wiues should doe, then registring what any hath done) deuised a womans name, that might fitly expresse this womans nature, whom hee would aime at: desirous in this (as I coniecture) to imitate a far off, either* Plato *in his common-wealth, or* More *in his Vtopia. This my surmise of his meaning, is confirmed also by the sight of other od papers that I found, wherein he had, as I take it, out of* Cornelius Agrippa, *drawne the seuerall dispositions of the Italian, the Spaniard, the Frenchman, the Germaine, and the Englishman, and how they are affected in loue. The Italian dissembling his loue, assaileth the*

woman

woman beloued, with certaine prepared wantonnesse: he praiseth her in written verses, and extolleth her to the heauens.

The Spaniard is impatient in burning loue, very mad with troubled lasciuiousnesse, he runneth furiously, and with pitifull complaints, bewailing his feruent desire, doth call vpon his Lady, and worshippeth her, but hauing obtained his purpose maketh her common to all men.

The Frenchman endeuoureth to serue, he seeketh to pleasure his woman with songs and disports, &c.

The Germane and Englishman being milder of nature are inflamed by little and little, but being enamored, they instantly require with arte, and entise with gifts; &c. Which seueral qualities are generally expressed by this Author in the two first trials or assaults made by the noble man, and the lusty Caualieros, Captaines or cutters, &c. Signifying by this generality; that our noblemen, gentlemen, Captaines, and lusty youths haue of late learned the fashions of all these countries how to solicite their causes and court their Ladies, and louers: and this continueth from the second Canto, to the end of the two and twentieth.

After this he comes to describe these natures againe in particular examples more plainely, and beginneth first with the Frenchman vnder the shadow of these letters, D. B. *from the three and twentieth Canto vnto the end of the three and thirtieth. Secondly, the Englishman or Germane, vnder these Letters*

D. H.

D.H. *from the* 34. *Canto vnto the end of the forty three. Lastly, the Spaniard and Italian who more furiously inuadeth his loue, and more pathetically indureth, then all the rest, from the forty foure Canto to the end of the booke. It seemes that in this last example the author names himselfe, and so describeth his owne loue: who that was, I know not, and I will not be curious.*

All these are so rightly described according to their nature that it may seeme the Author rather meant to shew what suits might be made, and how they may be answered, then that there hath been any such thing indeed.

These things of the one side lead me to thinke it altogether a fained matter, both for the names and the substance, and a plaine morall plot, secretly to insinuate, how honest maides and women in such temptations should stand vpon their gard, considering the glory and praise that commends a spotlesse life, and the blacke ignominy and foule contempt that waiteth vpon a wicked and dissolute behauiour.

Yet of the other side, when I doe more deepely consider of it and more narrowly weigh euery particular part, I am driuen to thinke that there is something of truth hidden vnder this shadow. The reasons that moue me are these. First in the same paper where I found the name of Auisa *written in great letters, as I said before; I found this also written with the Authers owne hand, videlicet,* Yet I would not haue *Auisa* to be thought a publike fiction, nor a truth-

lesse

leſſe inuention, for it may be, that I haue at leaſt heard of one in the weſt of England, in whom the ſubſtance of all this hath beene verified, and in many things the verie words ſpecified; which hath indured theſe and many more, and many greater aſſaults, yet, as heere, ſhe ſtands vnſpotted, and vnconquered.

Againe, if we marke the exact deſcription of her birth, her country, the place of her abode, and ſuch other circumſtances, but eſpecially the matter and manner of their talkes and conferences, mee thinkes it is a matter almoſt impoſſible that any man could inuent all this without ſome ground or foundation to build on.

This inforceth me to coniecture, that though the matter be handled poetically, yet there is ſomething vnder theſe fayned names and ſhowes, that haue been done truely. Now iudge you, for I can giue no ſentence in that I know not, if there be any ſuch conſtant Wife, (as I doubt not but there may be) I wiſh that there were more would ſpring from her aſhes, and that all were ſuch. Whether my author knew, or heard of any ſuch I cannot tell, but of mine owne knowledge, I dare to ſweare that I know one A. D. *that either hath or would, if occaſion were ſo offered, indure theſe and many greater temptations with a conſtant mind and ſetled heart. And therefore here I muſt worthily reprehend the enuious rage both of heathen Poets, and of ſome Chriſtian and Engliſh writers, which ſo far debaſe the credit and ſtrength of the whole ſexe, that*

they

they feare not with lying tongues wickedly to publish, that there are none at all that can continue constant, if they be tryed. Hereof sprang these false accusing speeches of olde Poets.

Ludunt formosæ: casta est, quam nemo rogauit.

Faire wenches loue to play:
And they are onely chast whom no man doth assay.

And againe,

Rara auis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno,
Fœmina casta volat.

A rare seene bird that neuer flies, on earth, ne yet in ayre,
Like blackish swan a woman chast, if she be yong and faire.

This false opinion bred these foule mouthed speeches of Fryer Mantuan, *that vpbraids all women with fleeting vnconstancie. This made* Ariosto *and others to inuent, and publish so many lewd and vntrue tales of womens vnfaithfulnes. And this is the cause that in this booke yee shall so often find it obiected against AVISA by all her sutors, that no woman of what degree soeuer can be constant if she be much requested, but that the best will yeeld. But the best is, this common and coorse conceit is receiued but onely among common, lewd, and careless men, who being wicked themselues, giue sentence of all others according to the loose and lawlesse humors wherewith all they feele their owne straying, and wandring affections to be infected. For they forsooth, because in diuers and sundrie places (as they often wickedly boast) they may for an Angel, and a great deale lesse, haue hyred nags to ride at their pleasure, such as make a*

sinne-

ſinncfull gaine of a filthy carcas; becauſe in other countries, where Stewes and Brothell houſes are winckt at they ſee oftentimes; the fayreſt and not the meaneſt flocke to the fellowſhip of ſuch filthy freedome, thinke preſently that it is but a money matter, or a little entreaty, to ouerthrow the chaſtity of any woman whatſoeuer. But if al women were indeed ſuch as the womā figured vnder the name of Auiſa *either is or at leaſt is ſuppoſed to be, they ſhould quickly reſtore againe their ancient credite, and glory, which a few wicked wantons haue thus generally obſcured. In the twenty and ſeuen Canto, I finde how* D.B. *perſwadeth with* A. *that it is a little ſin or no fault, to loue a friend beſides her husband. Whereupon enquiring more of the matter I haue heard ſome of the occupation verifie it for a truth: That among the beſt ſort, they are accounted very honeſt women in ſome cities now, that loue but one friend beſides their husband and that it is thought amongſt them a thing almoſt lawfull. If this be true, (as I hardly thinke it to be true, becauſe wicked men feare not to report any vntruths) but if it be true, I feare leaſt the ripeneſſe of our ſinne cry to the Lord for vengeance againſt vs; that tremble not at the remembrance of Gods iudgements, that haue bound a heauy curſe and woe vpon the backe and conſcience of them,* That ſpeake good of euill, and euill of good, *that is, ſuch as are growne to that point, that they are no longer aſhamed of their ſin, nor care for any honeſty, but are become wilfully deſperate in their performance of all kind of impiety.*

But

But I leaue this to the godly preachers to dilate more amply. And to returne to my purpose although I must confesse that of all sorts of people, there haue beene, and will be still, some loosely, and lewdly giuen, yet this can bee no excuse to lauish tongues, to condemne all generally. For I dare to venture my hand, and my head vpon this point, that, let the foure morall vertues be in order set downe,

Prudence,
Fortitude
Temperance
Iustice.

and let the holy scriptures be searched from the beginning to the end, and let all the ancient histories both ecclesiasticall and prophane be thorowly examined, and there will be found women enough, that in the performance of all these vertues, haue matched, if not ouermatched men of euery age; which I dare my selfe, verifie in their behalfes vpon the venter of losing my credite if I had time and leisure. Among infinite numbers, to giue you a taste of one or two, for wisdome and iustice, what say you to Placilla, *wife to the Emperour* Theodosius? *Shee was wont euery day in her owne person to visite the sicke, the poore and the maimed: And if at any time shee saw the Emperour declining from iustice to any hard course, she would bid him,* Remember himselfe, from whence hee came, and what he was, in what state he had beene, and in what state he was now, which if he would doe, he should neuer wax proud nor cruell, but rather humble, mercifull and iust.

Theodoret eccles. hist. lib. 5. cap. 27.

For

To the Reader.

For temperance, how say you to the wife of one Pelagius *of* Laodicea, *which being yong her selfe, and married to a yong and lusty man, was yet notwithstanding contented willingly to forbeare carnall pleasure, during her whole life. I bring not this womans example for any liking I haue to her fact, being lawfully married, but rather against the curious carpers at womans strength, that proue that some women haue done that, which few can doe.* Theodor. eccl. histr lib. 4. c. 10.

For Fortitude and temperance both, I find, that in Antioch, *there was a noble woman with her two daughters, rather then they would be deflowred, cast themselues all willingly into a great riuer, and drowned themselues.* Eusebius lib. 8. cap. 24.

And also that in Rome *there was a Senators wife, who when shee heard that there were messengers sent from* Maxentius *the tyrant, to bring her vnto him, perforce to bee rauished of him, and seeing that her husband was not of ability and power to defend her, shee vsed this pollicie. Shee requested that they would giue her leaue to put on some better apparrel, and to attire her selfe more decently: which being granted, and she gotten into a Chamber by her selfe, she tooke a sword and pierced her selfe to the heart, rather then shee would bee counted the Emperours whore.* Cap. 27. Looke for *Blandina* in Eusebius a rare example of constancie and fortitude.

By this my bee seene what may be said in this argument: but leauing this to some other time, or to some other better able, I returne to my author.

For

For the persons and matter, you haue heard my coniecture: now for the manner of the composition, disposition, inuention and order of the verse, I must leaue euery mans sense to himselfe, for that which pleaseth me, may not fancie others. But to speake my iudgement, the inuention, the argument, and the disposition is not common, nor (that I know) euer handled of any man before in this order. For the composition and order of the verse, although he flie not aloft with the wings of Astrophel, *nor dare to compare with the Arcadian sheepheard, or any way match with the dainty Faiery Queene, yet shall you find his words and phrases neither triuiall, nor absurd; but all the whole worke, for the verse pleasant, without hardnesse, smooth without any roughnes, sweete without tediousnesse, easie to bee vnderstood, without harsh absurditie: yeelding a gracious harmony euery where, to the delight of the Reader.*

I haue christned it by the name of Willoby his Auisa, *because I suppose it was his doing, being written with his owne hand. How hee will like my boldenesse, both in the publishing and naming of it, I know not, For the encouraging and helping of Maides and Wiues to hold an honest and constant course against all vnhonest and lewde temptations, I haue done that I haue I haue not added nor detracted any thing from the worke it selfe, but haue let it passe without altering any thing, onely in the end I haue added to fill vp some voyd paper certaine fragments and ditties as; a resolution of a chast and constant*

Wife

wife, to the tune of fortune, and the praise of a contented mind, which I found wrapped altogether with his and therefore knew not whether it did any way belong vnto this or not.

Thus leauing to trouble your patience with farther delaies I commit you to the good gouernement of Gods Spirit. From my chamber in Oxford this first of October.

Hadrian Dorrell.

Abell Emet in commendation of *Willobies Auisa.*

TO Willoby *you worthy dames, yeeld worthy praise;*
Whose siluer pipe so sweetly sõds your strãge delaies
Whose lofty stile with goldẽ wings remoũts your fame
The glory of your princely sexe the spotlesse name,
O happy wench, who so she be, if any bee,
That thus deseru'd thus to be prais'd by Willobie,
Shall I beleeue? I must beleeue, such one there is,
Well hast thou said, long maist thou say, such one there is,
If one there be, I can belieue there be no more:
This wicked age, these sinfull times breeds no such store
Such siluer mines, such goldẽ mines who could refuse,
Such offer made, and not recieu'd, I greatly muse:
Such deepe deceit in friendly shews such tempting fits,
To still withstand, do passe the reach of womans wits:
You countrie maides, yee Pean *nimphes reioyce & sing*
To see from you a chast, a new Diana *spring:*
At whose report you must not fret you may not frowne,
But rather striue by due desert for like renowne,
Her constant faith in hot assay hath won the game,
Whose praise shal liue, whẽ she is dead with lasting fame
If my conceit from strangers mouth may credit get,
A brauer Theame more sweetly pend, was neuer yet.

Abell Emet.

In prayse of VVilloby *his* Auisa

Hexametron to the Author.

IN Lauine *land though* Liuie *boast,*
There hath beene seene a Constant *Dame:*
Though Rome *lament that she haue lost*
The Garland *of her rarest fame,*
Yet now ye see that heere is found,
As great a Faith *in* English *ground:*

Though Collatine *haue dearely bought,*
To high renowne a lasting life,
And found, that most in vaine haue sought,
To haue a faire and Constant *wife*
Yet Tarquine *pluckt his glistering grape,*
And Shake-speare *paints poore* Lucrece *rape.*

Though Susan *shine in faithfull praise,*
As twinkling starres in Chrystall skie:
Penelop's *fame though* Greekes *do raise,*
Of faithfull wiues to make vp three:
To thinke the Truth, *and say no lesse,*
Our Auisa *shall make a messe.*

This number knits so sure a knot,
Time *doubts that he shall adde no more,*
Vnconstant Nature *hath begot,*
Of Fleeting Feemes, *such fickle store,*
Two thousand yeares haue scarely seene,
Such as the worst of these haue beene

Then Aui-Sufan *ioyne in one,*
Let Lucres Auis *be thy name.*
This Engliſh Eagle *ſoares alone,*
And far ſurmounts all others fame,
Where high or low, where great or ſmall,
This Britan Bird *outflies them all.*

Were theſe three happy that haue found,
Braue Poets *to depaint their praiſe?*
Of Rurall Pipe, with ſweeteſt ſound,
That haue beene heard theſe many daies.
Sweet Willobie *his* Auis *bleſt,*
That makes her mount aboue the reſt.

Contraria Contrariis:

Vigilantius Dormitanus.

WIL-

WILLOBY HIS AVISA.

OR,

The true Picture of a modeſt MAIDE, *and of a chaſte* and conſtant WIFE.

CANT. I.

LEt martiall men of *Mars* his praiſe,
Sound warlike trump, let luſt-led youth
Of wicked loue write wanton layes;
Let ſhepheards ſing their ſheepecoates (ruth:
The wiſer ſort confeſſe it plaine,
That theſe haue ſpent good time in vaine.

My ſleepy Muſe that wakes but now,
Nor now had wak't if one had ſlept,
To vertues prayſe hath paſt her vow,
To paint the Roſe which grace hath kept.
Of ſweeteſt Roſe, that ſtill doth ſpring,
Of vertues bird my Muſe muſt ſing.

The bird that doth reſemble right,
The Turtles faith in conſtant loue,
The faith that firſt her promiſe plight;
No change, nor chance could once remoue:
This haue I tri'd; This dare I truſt,
And ſing the truth, I will, I muſt.

Afflicted *Suſans* ſpotleſſe thought,
Entis't by luſt to ſinfull crime,
To laſting fame her name hath brought,
Whoſe praiſe incounters endleſſe time:
I ſing of one whoſe beauties warre,
For trials paſſe *Suſanna's* farre.

The wandring Greekes renowned mate,
That ſtill withſtood ſuch hot aſſayes
Of raging luſt, whoſe doubtfull ſtate
Sought ſtrong refuge, from ſtrange delayes,
For fierce aſſaults and tryals rare,
With this my Nimph may not compare.

Hot tryals trie where Gold be pure,
The Diamond daunts the ſharpeſt edge,
Light chaffe, fierce flames may not endure,
All quickely leape the lowly hedge,
The obiect of my Muſe hath paſt
Both force and flame, yet ſtands ſhe faſt.

Though Eagle-eyde this bird appeare,
Not bluſht at beames of *Phœbus* raies:
Though Faulkon wing'd to pearce the ayre,
Whoſe high-pla'ſt heart no feare diſmayes:
Yet ſprang ſhe not from Eagles neſt,
But Turtle-bred, loues Turtle beſt.

At weſterne ſide of Albions Ile,
Where *Auſtine* pitcht his Monkiſh tent,
Where Shepheards ſing, where Muſes ſmile,
The Graces met with one conſent,
To frame each one in ſundrie part,
Some cunning worke to ſhew their art.

Firſt *Venus* fram'd a luring eye,
A ſweet aſpect, and comely grace;
There did the Roſe and Lillie lye,
That brauely deckt a ſmiling face,
Here *Cupids* mother bent her will,
In this to ſhew her vtmoſt skill.

Then *Pallas* gaue a reaching head,
With deepe conceits, and paſſing wit,
A ſetled mind, not fancy-led,
Abhorring *Cupids* frantique fit,
With modeſt lookes, and bluſhing cheekes,
A filed tongue which none miſlikes.

Diana deckt the remnant parts,
With feature braue, that nothing lacke,
A quiuer full of piercing Darts,
She gaue her hanging at her backe;
And in her hand a golden Shaft,
To conquer *Cupids* creeping craft.

This done they come to take the view,
Of nouell worke of pereleſſe frame;
Amongſt them three, contention grew,
But yet *Diana* gaue the name,
Auiſa ſhall ſhe called be,
The chiefe attendant ſtill on me.

When *Iuno* view'd her luring grace,
Olde *Iuno* blusht to see a new,
She fear'd lest *Ioue* would like this face,
And so perhaps might play vntrue.
They all admir'd so sweet a sight,
They all enuide so rare a wight.

Beautie without riches, is as a faire picture without life.

When *Iuno* came to giue her wealth,
(Which wanting beautie wants her selfe)
She cryde, this face needes not my pelfe,
Great riches sow the seeds of strife:
I doubt not, some Olympian power
Will fill her lap, with golden shower.

Iealousie breeds enuy. Both together breed frenzie yet neither of them both can preuaile against wandring fancy.

This iealous *Iuno* faintly saide,
As halfe misdeeming wanton *Ioue*,
But chaste *Diana* tooke the maide,
Such new-bred qualmes quite to remoue;
O iealous enuy, filthy beast,
For enuie *Iuno* gaue her least.

In lew of *Iun'os* Golden part,
Diana gaue her double grace,
A chaste desire, a constant heart,
Disdaine of loue in fawning face,
A face, and eye, that should intise;
A smile, that should deceiue the wise.

A strange baite.

A sober tongue that should allure,
And draw great numbers to the fielde;
A flinty heart, that should endure,
All fierce assaults and neuer yeeld,
And seeming oft as though she would;
Yet fardest off when that she should.

Can

Can filthy ſinke yeeld wholſome aire,
Or vertue from a vice proceede?
Can enuious heart, or iealous feare
Repell the things that are decreede?
By enuy though ſhe loſt her thriſt,
She got by grace a better gift.

Not farre from thence there lies a vale,
A Roſie vale in pleaſant plaine;
The Nimphes frequent this happy dale,
Olde Helicon reuiues againe;
Here Muſes ſing, here Satyres play,
Here mirth reſounds both night and day.

At Eaſt of this a Caſtle ſtands,
By ancient Shepheards built of old,
And lately was in Shepheards hands;
Though now by brothers bought and ſolde,
At Weſt ſide ſprings a Criſtall well,
There doth this chaſte *Aniſa* dwell.

And there ſhe dwels in publique eye,
Shut vp from none that liſt to ſee;
She anſweres all that liſt to trie,
Both high and low of each degree:
But few that come, but feele her dart,
And trie her well ere they depart.

They try'd her hard in hope to gaine,
Her milde behauiour breeds their hope,
Their hope aſſures them to obtaine,
Till hauing runne their witleſſe ſcope;
They find their vice by vertue croſt,
Their fooliſh words, and labour loſt.

This ſtrange effect, that all ſhould craue,
Yet none obtaine their wrong deſire,
A ſecret gift that nature gaue,
To feele the froſt, amidſt the fire:
Blame not this Dians Nimph too much,
Sith God by nature made her ſuch.

Let all the Graces now be glad,
That fram'd a grace that paſt them all,
Let *Iuno* be no longer ſad;
Her wanton *Ione* hath had a fall;
Ten yeares haue tride this conſtant dame,
And yet ſhe holds a ſpotleſſe fame.

Along this plaine there lies a downe,
Where Shepheards feede their friſking flocke;
Her Sire the Mayor of the towne,
A louely ſhout of ancient ſtocke,
Full twenty yeares ſhe liued a maide,
And neuer was by man betraide.

At length by *Iuno's* great requeſt,
Diana loth, yet gaue her leaue,
Of flowring yeares toſpend the reſt
In wed-locke band; but yet receiue,
A good gift. Quoth ſhe, this gift; Thou virgin pure,
Chaſt wife in wed-locke ſhalt indure.

O happy man that ſhall enioy
A bleſſing of ſo rare a price;
That frees the heart from ſuch annoy;
As often doth torment the wife,
A louing wife vnto her death,
With full aſſurance of her faith.

When

When flying fame began to tell,
How beauties wonder was return'd,
From Countrie hils, in Townes to dwell,
With ſpeciall gifts and grace adorn'd,
Of Suters ſtore there might you ſee;
And ſome were men, of high degree.

But wiſedome wild her chuſe her mate,
If that ſhe lou'd a happy life,
That might be equall to her ſtate,
To crop the ſprigges of future ſtrife;
Where rich in grace, where ſound in health,
Moſt men doe wed but for the wealth,

Though iealous *Iuno* had denide
This happy wench, great ſtore of pelfe:
Yet is ſhe now in wed-locke tide,
To one that loues her as himſelfe,
So thus they liue, and thus they loue;
And God doth bleſſe them from aboue.

This rare-ſeene bird, this Phenix ſage
Yeelds matter to my drowſie pen,
The mirrour of this ſinfull age,
That giues vs beaſts in ſhapes of men,
Such beaſts as ſtill continue ſinne,
Where age doth leaue, there youths begin.

Our Engliſh ſoile, to *Sodoms* ſinke
Exceſſiue ſinne transformd of late,
Of foule deceite the lothſome linke,
Hath worne all faith cleane out of date,
The greateſt ſinnes mongſt greateſt ſort,
Are counted now but for a ſport.

Old *Asaes* grandame is restor'd;
Her grouie Caues are new refind:
2. *Chro.* 15. 16. The monster Idoll is ador'd
By lusty dames of *Macha's* kinde:
They may not let this worship fall,
Although they leese their honours all.

Our Moab *Cozbies* cast no feare,
To set in view of euery eye,
Num. 25. 6. Their gaineleſſe games they hold so deare,
They follow must, although they die.
For why? the sword that *Phineas* wore,
Is broken now, and cuts no more.

My tender Muse, that neuer try'd
Her ioynted wings till present time,
At first the peereleſſe bird espy'd,
That mounts aloft, deuoide of crime;
Though high she sore, yet will I trie,
Where I her passage can descrie.

Her high conceits, her constant mind;
Her sober talke, her stout denies;
Her chaste aduice, here shall you find;
Her fierce assaults, her milde replies,
Her daily fight with great and small,
Yet constant vertue conquers all.

The first that saies to plucke the Rose,
That scarce appear'd without the bud,
With gorgeous shewes of Golden gloſe,
To sow the seeds that were not good:
Suppose it were some noble man
That tride her thus, and thus began.

The firſt tryall of AVISA, *before ſhee was married, by a Nobleman, vnder which is repreſented a warning to all young Maides of euery degree, that they beware of the alluring inticements of great men.*

CANT. II.

NOB.

NOw is it time if thou be wiſe,
Thou happy Maide, if thou canſt ſee
Thy happy time, take good aduiſe,
Good fortune laughes, be rul'd by me:
Be rul'd by me, and here's my faith,
No Gold ſhall want thee till thy death.

Thou knoweſt my power, thou ſeeſt my might,
Thou knoweſt I can maintaine thee well,
And helpe thy friends vnto their right;
Thou ſhalt with me for euer dwell,
My ſecret friend thou ſhalt remaine,
And all ſhall turne to thy great gaine.

Thou

Thou seest thy Parents meane estate,
That barres the hope of greater chance,
And if thou proue not wise too late,
Thou mayest thy selfe and thine aduance:
Repulse not fondly this good hap,
That now lies offred in thy lap.

Abandon feare that bars consent,
Repell the shame that feares a blot,
Let wisdome weigh, what faith is ment;
That all may praise thy happy lot;
Thinke not I seeke thy liues disgrace,
For thou shalt haue a Ladies place.

Thou art the first my fancy chose,
I know thy friends will like it well:
This friendly fault to none disclose,
And what thou thinkst, blush not to tell.
Thou seest my loue, thou know'st my mind,
Now let me feele, what grace I find.

CANT. III.

AVISA.

YOur honours place, your riper yeares,
Might better frame some grauer talkes:
Midst Sunnie rayes this cloud appeares,
Sweet Roses grow on prickle stalkes.
If I conceiue what you request,
You aymeat that I most detest.

My

My tender age that wants aduiſe,
And craues the aide of ſager guides,
Should rather learne for to be wiſe,
To ſtay my ſteps from ſlippery ſlides;
Then thus to ſucke, then thus to taſte,
The poys'ned ſap, that kils at laſt.

I wonder what your wiſdome meant,
Thus to aſſault a ſilly maide:
Some ſimple wench might chance conſent,
By falſe reſembling ſhewes betraide:
I haue by grace a natiue ſhield,
To lewde aſſaults that cannot yeeld.

I am too baſe to be your wife,
You chuſe me for your ſecret friend;
That is to leade a filthy life,
Whereon attends a fearefull end:
Though I be poore I tell you plaine,
To be your whore, I flat diſdaine.

Your high eſtate, your ſiluer ſhrines,
Repleate with winde and filthy ſtinke;
Your glittering gifts, your golden mines:
May force ſome fooles perhaps to ſhrinke:
But I haue learn'd that ſweeteſt baite,
Oft ſhrowds the hooke of moſt deceit.

What great good hap, what happy time,
Your proffer brings, yet yeelding maides,
Of former age, which thought to clime,
To higher tops of earthly aides:
Come backe a while, and let them tell,
Where wicked liues haue ended well.

Shores wife, a Princes ſecret friend,
Faire *Roſamond*, a Kings delight:
Yet both haue found a gaſtly end,
And fortunes friends felt fortunes ſpight:
What greater ioyes could fancy frame,
Yet now we ſee their laſting ſhame.

If Princely pallace haue no power,
To ſhade the ſhame of ſecret ſinne:
If blacke reproach ſuch names deuoure,
What gaine or glory can they win,
That tracing tracts of ſhameleſſe trade,
A hate of God and man are made?

This onely vertue muſt aduance,
My meane eſtate to ioyfull bliſſe:
For ſhee that ſwayes dame vertues launce,
Of happy ſtate can neuer miſſe:
But they that hope to gaine by vice,
Shall ſurely proue too late vnwiſe.

The roote of woe is fond deſire,
That neuer feeles her ſelfe content:
But wanton wing'd will needs aſpire,
To find the thing ſhe may lament:
A courtly ſtate, a Ladies place,
My former life will quite deface.

Such ſtrange conceits may hap preuaile,
With ſuch as loue ſuch ſtrong deceits,
But I am taught ſuch qualmes to quaile,
And flee ſuch ſweet alluring baites:
The witleſſe Flie plaies with the flame,
Till ſhe be ſcorched with the ſame.

You long to know what grace you find,
In me perchance, more then you would,
Except you quickly change your mind,
I find in you leſſe then I ſhould,
Moue this no more, vſe no reply,
Ile keepe mine honour till I die.

CANT. IIII.

NOB.

ALas good ſoule, and will you ſo?
You will be chaſte *Dianaes* mate,
Till time haue woue the web of woe,
Then to repent will be too late:
You ſhew your ſelfe ſo foole preciſe,
That I can hardly thinke you wiſe.

You ſprang belike of noble ſtocke,
That ſtand ſo much vpon your fame,
You hope to ſtay vpon the ſtocke,
That will preſerue a faultleſſe name:
But while you hunt for needleſſe prayſe,
You looſe the prime of ſweeteſt dayes.

A merry time when countrey maids,
Shall ſtand (forſooth) vpon your gard,
And dare controll the Courtiers deeds,
At honours gate that watch and ward:
When Milk-maides ſhall their pleaſures flie,
And on their credits muſt relie.

Ah ſilly wench take not a pride,
Though thou my raging fancy moue,
Thy betters farre, if they were tride,
Would faine accept my proffered loue;
T'was for thy good, if thou hadſt wiſt,
For I may haue whom ere I liſt.

But here thy folly may apeare,
Art thou preciſer then a Queene?
Queene *Ioane* of Naples did not feare,
To quite mens loue with loue againe,
And *Maſſalina*, t'is no newes,
Was daily ſeene to haunt the ſtewes.

And *Cleopatra* Prince of Nile,
With more then one was wont to play,
And yet ſhe keepes her glorious ſtile,
And fame that neuer ſhall decay;
What need'ſt thou then to feare of ſhame,
When Queenes and Nobles vſe the ſame?

CANT. V.

AVISA.

NEedes muſt the ſheepe ſtray all awry,
Whoſe ſhepheards wander from their way:
Needes muſt the ſickly patient die,
Whoſe Doctor ſeekes his liues decay:
Needs muſt the people well be taught,
Whoſe chiefeſt leaders are but naught.

Such

Such lawleſſe guides Gods people found,
When Moab Maides allur'd their fall;
They ſought no ſalue to cure this wound,
Till God commands to hang them all;
For wicked life a ſhamefull end,
To wretched men, the Lord doth ſend.

Was Earth conſum'd with wrackfull waues,
Did Sodome burne and after ſincke?
What ſinne is that, which vengeance craues,
If wicked luſt no ſinne we thinke?
O blind conceits, O filthy breath;
That drawes vs headlong to our death!

If death be due to euery ſinne,
How can I then be too preciſe?
Where pleaſures end, if paine beginne,
What neede haue we then to be wiſe?
They weaue indeede the web of woe,
That from the Lord doe yeeld to goe.

I will remember whence I came,
I hunt not for this worldly prayſe,
I long to keepe a blameleſſe fame,
And conſtant heart gainſt hard aſſayes;
If this be folly, want of skill,
I will remaine thus fooliſh ſtill.

The blinfolde rage of Heathen Queenes,
Or rather queanes that knew not God;
Gods heauy iudgements tried ſince,
And felt the waight of angrie rod:
God ſaue me from that Sodomes crie,
Whoſe deadly ſting ſhall neuer die.

CANT. VI.

NOB.

FOrgiue me wench I did miſtake,
I little thought that you could preach:
All worldly ioyes you muſt forſake,
For ſo your great Diuines doe teach;
But yet beware, be not too bold,
A yongling Saint, a Diuell old.

Well wanton, well, thou art but yong,
This is the errour of thy youth,
Thou ſhalt repent this faith ere long,
And ſee too late (perhaps) the truth:
And they that ſeeme ſo pure at firſt,
Are often found in proofe the worſt.

Thy youth and beautie will not laſt,
For ſickenes one, the other age,
May captiue take, when both are paſt,
You may haue leiſure to be ſage:
The time will come, if theſe retire,
The worſt will ſcorne what I deſire.

Of chaſte renowne you ſeeke the prayſe,
You build your hope aboue the ayre;
When wonders laſt not twenty dayes,
What need you ruſticke rumours feare?
Eſteeme not words aboue thy wealth,
Which muſt procure thy credites health.

And

And yet in truth I cannot see,
From whence such great discredit growes,
To loue in spight of euery eye,
And swimme in silkes and braueſt showes;
To take the choyce of daintieſt meate,
And see thy betters stand and waite.

These graue respects breed pleasures bane,
Thy youthly yeares for ioy doe craue,
And fading credite hath his wane,
That now to thee doth shine so braue.
That smokie fame which likes thee beſt,
The wiſeſt haue esteemed leaſt.

CANT. VII.

AVISA.

WEll now I see why Christs commends,
To louing mates the Serpents wit,
That stops his eares, and so defends
His heart from luring sounds vnfit:
If you your madnes will bewray,
Ile stop my eares, or goe my way.

Vlysses wise, yet dar'd not stay,
The ticing sounds of Syrens song.
What fancy then doth me betray,
That thinke my selfe so wise and strong,
That dare to heare what you dare speake,
And hope for strength when you be weake?

My wisdome is the liuing Lord,
That giues me grace which nature wants;
That holds my feet from wayes abhord,
And in my heart good motions plants;
With him I dare to bide the fielde,
Striue while thou wilt I cannot yeelde,

Fond fauour failes, the time will passe,
All earthly pleasures haue their end,
We see not that which sometime was,
Nor that which future times will send,
You say the truth remember this,
And then confesse you stray amisse.

The shorter time, the greater care,
Are pleasures vaine? the lesse delight:
Are dangers nie? why then beware,
From base affections take your flight;
Thinke God a reckoning will require,
And striue to quaile this bad desire.

To swimme in silkes and braue array,
Is that you thinke which women loue,
That leades poore Maides so oft astray,
That are not guarded from aboue.
But this I know, that know not all,
Such wicked pride will haue a fall.

CANT.

CANT. VIII.

NOB.

ALas the feare, alas the fall,
And what's the fall that you ſo feare?
To toſſe good fortunes golden ball,
And gaine the goale I priſe ſo deare:
I doubt leſt theſe your needleſſe feares,
Will barre good hap from witleſſe yeares.

Thy age experience wants I ſee,
And lacking triall art afraide,
Leſt venturing farre to credite me,
Our ſecret dealing might be wraide:
What then doth not my mighty name,
Suffice to ſhield thy fact from ſhame?

Who dares to ſtirre? who dares to ſpeake?
Who dares our dealings to reproue?
Though ſome ſuſpect, yet none will creake,
Or Once controule thy worthy loue:
My might will ſtand for thy defence,
And quit thee cleare from great offence.

Who ſees our face, knowes not our facts,
Though we our ſport in ſecret vſe,
Thy cheekes will not bewray thy acts,
But rather bluſhing make excuſe:
If thou wilt yeeld, here is my faith,
Ile keepe it ſecret till my death.

To seeme as chaste, let that suffice,
Although in deed thou be not so,
Thus deale our women that are wise,
And let thy godly Doctors goe:
Still faine as though thou godly art,
It is enough, who knowes thy heart?

Let not the idle vulgar voyce,
Of fained credit witch thee so,
To force thee leaue this happy choyce,
And flying pleasure liue in woe:
If thou refuse, assure thy minde,
The like of this shalt neuer finde.

CANT. IX.

AVISA.

LEt that word stand, let that be true,
I did refuse, and so doe still,
God shield me from your cursed crue,
That thus are led by beastly will:
It grieues my heart that I doe finde,
In Noble blood so base a minde.

On worldly feare you thinke I stand,
Or fame that may my shame resound,
No Sir, I feare his mightie hand,
That will both you and me confound:
His feare it is that makes me stay,
My wandring steps from wicked way.

Who

Who dares, ſay you, our facts vnfolde?
Euen he that mightie Kings can tame,
And he that Princes hath controlde,
He dares prouide a mightie ſhame.
What ſenſe haue you for to withſtand,
His fierie plagues, and heauie hand?

Though *Sampſon* queld the Lyons rage,
Though *Salomon*, a mightie King,
Yet when to ſinne their hearts they gage,
On both confuſion God doth bring:
How can you then his wrath auoide,
That you and yours be not deſtroide?

He ſees our facts, he viewes our deeds,
Although we ſinne in ſecret place,
A guilty conſcience alwayes bleeds,
My faults will ſhew vpon my face,
My cheekes will bluſh when I doe ſinne,
Let all men know when I beginne.

To ſeeme as chaſte, and not to be,
To beare a ſhew, and yet to faine
Is this the loue you beare to me,
To damne my ſoule in laſting paine?
If this the beſt you haue to ſay,
Pray giue me leaue to goe my way.

CANT.

CANT. X.

NOE.

WEll then I see you haue decreed,
And this decree must light on mee,
Vnhappy Lilly loues a weede,
That giues no sent, that yeelds no glee:
Thou art the first I euer tride,
Shall I at first be thus denide?

My hapleſſe hap fell much awry,
To fixe my fancies prime delight
In haggard Hauke that mounts so hie,
That checkes the lure and Fawkners sight,
But soare you hie, or flie you low,
Stoupe needs you must before you goe.

Your modest speech is not amisse,
Your maidens blush becomes you well,
Now will I see how sweete you kisse,
And so my purpose farther tell,
Your coy lookes and your trickes are vaine,
I will no nay, and that is plaine.

Thou must perforce be well content,
To let me winne thee with thy will;
Thy chiefest friends haue giuen consent,
And therefore thinke it is not ill:
Abandon all thy fond delay,
And marke this well that I shall say.

My

My houſe, my heart, my land, my life,
My credite to thy care I giue;
And if thou liſt to be a wife,
In ſhew of honeſt fame to liue:
Ile fit thee one, ſhall beare thy cloke,
And be a Chimnie for the ſmoke,

But ſay the word it ſhall be done,
And what thou liſt or what thou craue,
What ſo be loſt, what euer wonne,
Shall nothing want, that thou wilt haue,
Thou ſhalt haue all, what wilt thou more?
Which neuer woman had before.

Here's forty Angels to beginne,
A little pledge of great good will,
To buy thee lace, to buy a pinne,
I will be carefull of thee ſtill:
If youth be quailde, if I be olde,
I can ſupply that with my golde.

Like gownes and veluet ſhalt thou haue,
With hoodes and caules, fit for thy head,
Of Goldſmithes worke a border braue,
A chaine of golde tenne double ſpread:
And all the reſt ſhall anſwer this,
My purſe ſhall ſee that nothing miſſe.

Two waiting maids attendant ſtill,
Two ſeruing-men, foure geldings preſt,
Goe where you liſt, ride where you will,
No iealous thought ſhall me moleſt:
Two hundreth pounds I doe entend,
To giue thee yearely for to ſpend.

Of

Of this I will assurance make,
To some good friend whom thou wilt chuse,
That this in trust from me shall take,
While thou dost liue, vnto thy vse:
A thousand Markes to thee I giue,
And all my Iewels while I liue.

This will I doe what euer chance,
Ile shortly send and fetch thee hence,
Thy chiefest friends I will aduance,
And leaue them cause of no offence:
For all this same, I onely craue,
But thy good will, that let me haue.

A modest maide is loth to say,
In open words she doth consent,
Till gentle force doe breake the stay,
Come on mine owne, and be content:
Possesse me of my loues desire,
And let me taste that I require.

CANT. XI.

AVISA.

HAnd off my Lord, this will not serue,
Your wisdome wanders much awry,
From reasons rule thus farre to swerue,
Ile neuer yeeld, Ile rather die,
Except you leaue, and so depart,
This knife shall sticke within your heart.

this the loue your franticke fit
d so pretend in glosing shew?
re these your wayes? is this your wit
o tice and force poore Maidens so?
You striue in vaine by raging lust,
To gaine consent, or make me trust.

or who can trust your flattering stile,
our painted words, your braue pretence,
hen you will striue by trained wile
o force consent to lewde offence:
Then thus to yeeld by chaunted charmes,
Ile rather die within your armes.

our Golden Angels I repell,
our lawlesse lust I heere defie:
hese Angels are the post of Hell,
hat often lead poore soules awry:
Shame on them all; your eyes shall see,
These Angels haue no power of me.

Your Gownes of silke, your golden Chaines
Your men, your maides, your hundreth pounds
Are nothing else but diuelish traines,
That fill fond eares with tickling sounds,
A bladder full of trayterous wind,
And fardest off from honest mind.

Well, sith your meaning now is plaine,
And lust would giue no longer leaue,
To faithlesse heart to lye and faine,
Which might perchance in time deceiue
By Iesus Christ I doe protest,
I'le neuer grant that you request.

CANT.

CANT. XII.

NOB. Furens.

THou beggers brat, thou dunghill mate,
Thou clowniſh ſpawne, thou country gill
My loue is turnd to wreakfull hate,
Go hang and keepe thy credit ſtill:
Gad where thou liſt, aright or wrong,
I hope to ſee thee beg ere long.

Was this great offer well refus'd?
Or was this proffer all too baſe?
Am I fit man to be abus'de,
With ſuch diſgrace by flattering gaſe?
On thee or thine as I am man,
I will reuenge this if I can.

Thou thinkeſt thy ſelfe a peereleſſe piece
And peeuiſh pride that doth poſſeſſe
Thy heart, perſwads that thou art wiſe,
When God doth know the'rs nothing leſſe:
Twas not thy beauty that did moue
This fond effect but blinded loue.

I hope to ſee ſome countrie clowne,
Poſſeſſor of that flattering face,
When need ſhall force thy pride come downe
I'le laugh to ſee thy fooliſh caſe:
For thou that thinkſt thy ſelfe ſo braue,
Wilt take at laſt ſome paltrie knaue.

Thou

Thou ſelfe-will gig thou doſt deteſt,
My faithfull loue, looke to thy fame,
If thou offend I doe proteſt,
I'le bring thee out to open ſhame:
For ſith thou fain'ſt thy ſelfe ſo pure,
Looke to thy leapes that they be ſure.

I was thy friend, but now thy foe,
Thou hadſt my heart, but now my hate,
Refuſing wealth, God ſend thee woe,
Repentance now will come too late:
That tongue that did proteſt my faith
Shall waile thy pride, and wiſh thy death.

CANT. XIII.

AVISA.

VEa ſo I thought, this is the end
Of wandring luſt reſembling loue,
Wa'ſt loue or luſt that did entend
Such friendleſſe force, as you did moue?
Though you may vaunt of happier fate
I am content with my eſtate.

I rather chuſe a quiet minde,
A conſcience cleere from bloody ſins,
Then ſhort delights, and therein finde,
That gnawing worme, that neuer lins,
Your bitter ſpeeches pleaſe me more
Then all your wealth, then all your ſtore.

I loue to liue deuoide of crime,
Although I beg, although I pine,
These fading ioyes for little time,
Imbrace who list, I heere resigne:
How poore I goe, how meane I fare
If God be pleas'd I doe not care.

I rather beare your raging ire,
Although you sweare reuengement deepe
Then yeeld for gaine to lewd desire,
That you might laugh when I should weepe
Your lust would like but for a space,
But who could salue my foule disgrace.

Mine eares haue heard your taunting words;
Of yeelding fooles by you betraid,
Amongst your mates at open boords,
Knowst such a wife? knowst such a maid?
Then must you laugh then must you winke
And leaue the rest for them to thinke.

Nay yet well fare the happy life,
That need not blush at euery view,
Although I be a poore mans wife,
Yet then I'le laugh as well as you.
Then laugh as long as you thinke best
My fact shall frame you no such iest.

If I doe hap to leape aside,
I must not come to you for aide,
Alas now that you be denide,
You thinke to make me sore afraide:
Nay watch your worst I doe not care,
If I offend pray doe not spare.

You were my friend, you were but duſt,
The Lord is he, whom I doe loue,
He hath my heart, in him I truſt,
And he doth guard me from aboue:
I weigh not death, I feare not Hell,
This is enough, and ſo farewell.

The ſecond temptation of Auiſa, *after her marriage, by Royſters, young Gentlemen, and luſty Captaines, which all ſhe quickly cuts off.*

CANT. XIIII.

CAVELEIRO.

COme luſty wench, I like thy lookes,
And ſuch a pleaſant looke I loue,
Thine eyes are like to baited hookes,
That force the hungry fiſh to moue:
Where nature granteth ſuch a face,
I need not doubt to purchaſe grace.

I doubt not but thy inward thought
Doth yeeld as faſt as doth thine eye;
A loue in mee hath fancie wrought,
Which worke you cannot well denie;
From loue you cannot me refraine,
I ſeeke but this, loue me againe.

And ſo thou doeſt, I know it well,
I knew it by thy ſide-caſt glance,
Can heart from outward looke rebell?
Which yeſternight I ſpide by chance.
Thy loue (ſweet heart) ſhall not be loſt
How deare a price ſoeuer it coſt.

Aske what thou wilt thou knoweſt my mind,
Appoint the place and I will come,
Appoint the time, and thou ſhalt find,
Thou canſt not fare ſo well at home:
Few words ſuffice, where hearts conſent,
I hope thou knowſt, and art content.

Though I a ſtranger ſeeme as yet,
And ſeldome ſeene, before this day,
Aſſure thy ſelfe that thou may'ſt get
More knacks by me, then I will ſay:
Such ſtore of wealth as I will bring,
Shall make thee leape, ſhall make thee ſing.

I muſt be gone, vſe no delay,
At ſixe or ſeuen the chance may riſe,
Olde gameſters know their vantage play
And when t'is beſt to caſt the dice:
Leaue ope your point, take vp your man
And mine ſhall quickly enter than.

CANT.

CANT. XV.

AVISA.

WHat now? what newes? new wars in hand,
More trumpets blowne of fond conceits,
More banners ſpread of follies band?
New captaines coyning new deceits?
Ah woe is me! new campes are plac't
Whereas I thought all dangers paſt.

O wretched ſoule what face haue I,
That cannot looke but ſome miſdeeme?
What ſpirit doth lurke within mine eye,
That kindles thoughts ſo much vncleane?
O luckles feature neuer bleſt,
That ſow'ſt the ſeedes of ſuch vnreſt!

What wandring fits are theſe that moue,
Your heart inrag'd with euery glance
That iudge a woman ſtraight in loue,
That welds her eye aſide by chance:
If this your hope by fancy wrought,
You hope on that I neuer thought.

If nature giue me ſuch a looke,
Which ſeemes at firſt vnchaſt or ill,
Yet ſhall it prooue no baited hooke,
To draw your luſt to wanton will:
My face and will doe not agree,
Which you in time perhaps may ſee.

If ſmiling cheere and friendly words,
If pleaſant talke ſuch thoughts procure;
Yet know my heart no will affoords,
To ſcratching Kites to caſt the lure:
If mild behauiour thus offend,
I will aſſay this fault to mend.

You plant your hope vpon the ſand,
That build on womans words, or ſmiles,
For when you thinke your ſelfe to ſtand
In greateſt grace, they proue but wiles:
When fixt you thinke on ſureſt ground,
Then fartheſt off they will be found

CANT. XVI.

AVISA.

YOu ſpeake of loue, you talke of coſt,
Is't filthy loue your worſhip meanes?
Aſſure your ſelfe your labour's loſt,
Beſtow your coſt among your queanes,
You left not heere, nor heere ſhall find
Such mates as match your beaſtly mind.

You muſt againe to Coleman hedge,
For there be ſome that looke for gaine,
They will beſtow the French mans badge
In lieu of all your coſt and paine,
But Sir, it is againſt my vſe,
For gaine to make my houſe a ſtewes.

What haue you ſeene? what haue I done?
That you ſhould iudge my mind ſo light
That I ſo quickly might be wone,
Of one that came but yeſter night?
Of one I wiſt not whence he came,
Nor what he is, nor what's his name.

Though face doe friendly ſmile on all,
Yet iudge me not to be ſo kind,
To come at euery Faulkners call,
Or waue aloft with euery wind:
And you that venture thus to trie,
Shall finde how farre you ſhoote awry.

And if your face might be your iudge,
Your wanny cheekes, your ſhaggy lockes,
Would rather moue my mind to grudge,
To feare the piles, or elſe the pockes:
If you be mou'd to make amends,
Pray keepe your knacks for other friends.

You may be walking when you liſt,
Looke ther's the doore, and ther's the way;
I hope you haue your market miſt,
Your game is loſt, for want of play:
The point is cloſe, no chance can fall,
That enters there, or euer ſhall.

CANT. XVII.

CAVELEIRO.

GOds wo: I thi[illegible] you doe but ieſt,
You cannot t' [illegible]clude my hope;
But yet perhaps you thinke it beſt,
At firſt to giue but little ſcope:
At firſt aſſault you muſt retire,
And then be forc'd to yeeld deſire.

You thinke, that I would iudge you bad,
If you ſhould yeeld at firſt aſſay:
And you may thinke me worſe then mad,
If one repulſe ſend me away:
You thinke, you doe your credit wrong
Except you keepe your ſutors long.

But I that know the wonted guiſe,
Of ſuch as liue in ſuch a place,
Old dame experience makes me wiſe,
To know your meaning by your face:
For moſt of them that ſeeme ſo chaſt,
Deny at firſt and take at laſt.

This painted ſheath may pleaſe ſome foole,
That cannot ſee the ruſtie knife:
But I haue beene too long at ſchoole,
To thinke you of ſo pure a life:
The time and place will not permit,
That you can long here ſpotleſſe ſit.

And

And therefore wench be not so strange,
To grant me that which others haue:
I know that women loue to change,
Tis but deceit, to seeme so graue:
I neuer haue that woman tride
By whom as yet I was denide.

Your godly zeale doth breede my trust,
Your anger makes me hope the more:
For they are often found the worst,
That of their conscience make such store:
It's vaine to blush, or looke aside,
A flat repulse I cannot bide.

CANT. XVIII.

AVISA.

THou wicked wretch, what dost thou thinke
There is a God that doth behold,
This sinfull way, this Sodomes sinke?
O wretched earth that art so bold,
To iest at God, and at his word,
Looke for his iust reuenging sword.

Saint *Paul* commands vs not to eate,
With him that leades a wicked life, 1. Cor. 15.
Or shall be found to lie in waite,
To seeke to spoyle his neighbours wife:
Such wicked soules God doth forsake.
And dings them downe to fierie lake. Reuelat. 20.

A yong man was ſtricken blind for looking diſhoneſt vpon a godly woman.

A braine-ſicke youth was ſtricken blind,
That ſent his greedy eye to view
A godly wench, with godleſſe mind,
That paine might ſpring, where pleaſure grew:
Remember friend, forget not this,
And ſee you looke no more amiſſe.

The Locrenſes vſe to put out both the eyes of the adulterers, The law Iulia in Rome put adulterers to the ſword. The Arabians doe the like.

O Iulia flower of thy time,
Where is thy law, where is thy w[illegible],
That did condemne the wedlocke crime,
To preſent death with bloudy ſword?
The ſhining of this piercing edge,
Would daunt the force of filthy rage.

Though ſhameleſſe Callets may be found,
That ſoile themſelues in common field,
And can carie the Whores rebound,
To ſtraine at firſt, and after yeeld:
Yet here are none of *Creſſids* kinde,
In whom you ſhall ſuch fleeting find.

The time and place may not condemne,
The mind to vice that doth not ſway,
But they that vertue doe contemne,
By time and place are led aſtray:
This place doth hold one at this time,
That will not yeeld to bloody crime.

You thinke that others haue poſſeſt,
The place that you ſo lewdly craue,
Wherein you plainely haue confeſt,
Your ſelfe to be a iealous knaue:
The Roſe vnbluſht hath yet no ſtaine,
Nor euer ſhall while I remaine.

CANT.

CANT. XIX.

CAVELEIRO.

ME thinkes I heare a ſober Foxe,
Stand preaching to the gagling geeſe;
And ſhewes them out a painted boxe:
And bids them all beware of cheeſe:
Your painted boxe and godly preach,
I ſee doth hold a Foxlike reach.

Perchance you be no common card,
But loue the dainty Diamonds place,
The ten, the knaue, may be your gard
Yet you are onely ſtill the ace:
Contented cloſe in packe to lie,
But open dealing you defie.

Well, I confeſſe I did offend,
To ruſh ſo headlong to the marke;
Yet giue me leaue this fault to amend,
And craue your pardon in the darke,
Your credits fame I will not ſpill,
But come as ſecret as you will.

Nay heere's my hand, my faith I giue,
My tongue my fact ſhall not reueale,
To earthly creature while I liue,
Becauſe you loue a ſecret deale:
And where I come, I ſtill will ſay,
She would not yeeld, but ſaid me nay.

So

So ſhall your credit greater grow,
By my report and paſſing prayſe:
And they that ſcant your name doe know,
Your fame on hie, and hie ſhall rayſe:
So ſhall you gaine that you deſire,
By granting that which I require.

To plant a ſiege, and yet depart,
Before the towne be yeelded quite,
It kils a martiall minded heart;
That cannot brooke ſuch high deſpight:
Then ſay you yea, or ſay you no,
Ile ſcale your walles, before I go.

CANT. XX.

AVISA.

A Fine deuice, and well contriu'd,
A Braue gold vpon a bitter pill,
No maruell well, though you haue thriu'd
That ſo can decke, that ſo can dill:
Your quaintiſh quirkes can want no mate,
But heere I wis you come too late.

It's ill to halt before the lame,
Or watch the bird that cannot ſleepe,
Your new found tricks are out of frame,
The Foxe will laugh when Aſſes weepe:
Sweare what you liſt, ſay what you will,
Before you ſpake, I knew your skill.

Your

Your ſecret dealing will not hold,
To force me trie, or make me truſt:
Your blind deuices are too old,
Your broken blade hath got the ruſt,
You need not lye, but truely ſay,
Shee would not yeeld to wanton play.

Your tongue ſhall ſpare to ſpread my fame,
I liſt not buy too deare a ſound,
Your greateſt prayſe would breed but ſhame,
Reporte of mee as you haue found:
Though you be loth to ſound retreate,
This mount's too ſtrong for you to get.

The wiſeſt captaine now and then,
When that he feeles his foe too ſtrong,
Retires betime to ſaue his men,
That grow but weake, if ſiege be long,
From this aſſault you may retyre,
You ſhall not reach that you require.

I hate to feede you with delayes,
As others doe, that meane to yeeld,
You ſpend in vaine your ſtrong aſſayes,
To winne the towne or elſe the field:
No captaine did, nor neuer ſhall,
Set ladder heere to ſcale the wall.

CANT.

CANT. XXI.

CAVELEIRO.

HAd I knowne this, when I began,
you would haue vſ'd me as you ſay,
I would haue tooke you napping than,
And giuen you leaue to ſay me nay:
I litle thought to finde you ſo,
I neuer dream'd you would ſay no.

Such ſelfelike wench I neuer met,
Great cauſe haue I thus hard to craue it,
If euer man haue had it yet,
I ſworne haue, that I will haue it:
If thou didſt neuer giue conſent,
I muſt perforce be then content.

If thou wilt ſweare, that thou haſt knowne
In carnall act no other man,
But onely one and he thine owne,
Since man and wife you firſt began,
I'le leaue my ſuite, and ſweare it true,
Thy like indeed I neuer knew.

CANT. XXII.

AVISA.

I Told you firſt what you ſhould find,
Although you thought I did but ieſt,
And ſelfe affection made you blind,
To ſeeke the thing I moſt deteſt:
Beſides his hoſt, who takes the paine
To reckon firſt, muſt count againe.

Your raſh ſworne oath you muſt repent,
You muſt beware of headlong vowes:
Excepting him whom free conſent,
By wedlocke words hath made my ſpouſe;
From others yet I am as free,
As they this night that boren be.

CAVELEIRO.

WEll giue me then a cup of wine,
As thou art his, would thou weſt mine.

AVISA.

HAuet'ye good looke, tell them that gaue,
You this aduice, what ſpeed you haue.
Farewell.

The

The third thriall: wherein are expreſſed the long paſſionate and conſtant affections of the cloſe and warie ſuter, which by ſignes, by ſighs, by letters, priuy meſſengers, by iewels, rings, gold, diuers gifts, and by a long continued courſe of curteſie, at length preuaileth with many both Maids and Wiues, if if they be not garded wonderfully with a better ſpirite then their owne: which all are heere finely daunted and mildly ouerthrowne, by the conſtant anſweres, and chaſt replyes of Auiſa.

CANT. XXIII.

DAN. BEN.

AS flaming flakes, too cloſely pent,
With ſmothering ſmoake in narrow vault,
Each hole doth trie, to get a vent;
And force, by forces fierce aſſault,
With ratling rage doth rumbling raue,
Till flame and ſmoake free paſſage haue.

So I my (my deare) haue ſmothered long,
Within my heart a ſparkling flame,
Whoſe rebell rage is growne ſo ſtrong,
That hope is paſt to quell the ſame:
Except the ſtone, that ſtrake the fire,
With water quench this hote deſire.

The

The glancing ſpeare that made the wound,
Which rankling thus, hath bred my paine,
Muſt pearcing ſlide with freſh rebound,
And wound with wound recure againe:
That floating eye that pearc'ſt my heart,
Muſt yeeld to ſalue my cureleſſe ſmart.

I ſtriu'd, but ſtriu'd againſt the ſtreame,
To daunt the qualmes of fond deſire,
The more their courſe I did reſtraine,
More ſtrong and ſtrong they did retire:
Bare neede doth force me now to runne,
To ſeeke my helpe, where hurt begunne.

Thy preſent ſtate wants preſent aide;
A quicke redreſſe my griefe requires,
Let not the meanes be long delaide,
That yeelds vs both our hearts deſire,
If you will eaſe my penſiue heart,
I'le find a ſalue to heale your ſmart.

I am no common gameling mate,
That liſt to bowle in euery plaine,
But (wench) conſider both our ſtate,
The time is now for both to gaine:
From dangers great I ſet you free,
If you will yeeld to comfort me.

CANT.

CANT. XXIIII.

AVISA:

YOur fiery flame, your secret smart,
That inward frets with pining griefe,
Your hollow sighes with heauy heart,
Me thinke might quickly find reliefe:
If once the certaine cause were knowne,
From whence these hard effects haue growne.

It little bootes to shew your sore,
To her that wants all Physicke skill:
But tell it them, that haue in store,
Such oyles as creeping cankers kill:
I would be glad to doe my best,
If I had skill to giue you rest.

Take heed, let not your griefe remaine,
Till helps do faile, and hope bee past,
For such as first refus'd some paine,
A double paine haue felt at last:
A little sparke, not quencht betime,
To hideous flames will quickly clime.

If godly sorrow for your sinne,
Be chiefest cause why you lament,
If guiltie conscience do beginne,
To draw you truely to repent:
A ioyfull end must needs redound,
To happy griefe so seldome found.

To ſtriue all wicked luſts to quell,
Which often ſort to dolefull end,
I ioy to heare you meane ſo well,
And what you want the Lord will ſend:
But if you yeeld to wanton will,
God will depart and leaue you ſtill.

Your preſent aide with ſweet ſupply,
My preſent ſtate that might amend,
If honeſt loue be meant thereby,
I ſhall be glad of ſuch a friend:
But if you loue, as I ſuſpect,
Your loue and you I both reiect.

CANT. XXV.

DAN. BEN.

WHat you ſuſpect, I cannot tell,
What I doe meane, you may perceiue:
My workes ſhall ſhew, I wiſh you well,
If well meant loue you liſt receiue:
I haue beene long in ſecret mind,
And would be ſtill your ſecret friend.

My loue ſhould breed you no diſgrace,
None ſhould perceiue your ſecret play,
We would obſerue both time and place;
That none our dealings ſhould bewray:
Be it my fortune or my fault,
Loue makes me venture this aſſault.

You Miſtreſſe of my doubtfull chance,
You prince of this my ſole deſire,
That lulls my fancy in a trance,
The marke whereto my hopes aſpire:
You ſee the ſore whence ſprings my griefe,
You welde the ſterne of my reliefe.

The graueſt men of former time,
That liu'd with fame and happy life,
Haue thought it none, or petty crime,
To loue a friend beſides their wife:
Then ſith my wife you cannot be,
As deareſt friend account of me.

You talke of ſinne, and who doth liue,
Whoſe daily ſteps ſlide not awrie?
But too preciſe, doth deadly grieue,
The heart that yeelds not yet to die:
When age drawes on and youth is paſt,
Then let vs thinke of this at laſt.

CANT. XXVI.

AVISA.

O Mighty Lord, that guides this Spheare
Defend me by thy mighty will,
From iuſt reproach, from ſhame and feare;
Of ſuch as ſeeke my ſoule to ſpill,
Let not their counſell (Lord) preuaile,
To force my heart to yeeld or quaile.

How

How frames it with your ſober lookes,
To ſhrowd ſuch bent of lewd conceits?
What hope hath plac'd me in your bookes,
That ſiles me fit, for ſuch deceits?
I hope that time hath made you ſee,
No cauſe that breeds theſe thoughts in me.

Your feruent loue is filthy luſt,
And therefore leaue to talke of loue,
Your truth is treaſon vnder truſt,
A Kite in ſhapé of hurtleſſe Doue:
You offer more then friendſhip would,
To giue vs braſſe in ſtead of gold.

Such ſecret frends to open foes
Doe often change with euery wind,
Such wandring fits, where folly grows,
Are certaine ſignes of wandring minde,
A fawning face, and faithleſſe heart,
In ſecret loue, breeds open ſmart.

No ſinne to breake the wedlocke faith?
No ſinne to ſwim in Sodoms ſinke?
O ſinne the ſeed and ſting of death,
O ſinfull wretch that ſo doth thinke:
Your graueſt men with all their ſchooles,
That taught you thus, were heathen fooles.

CANT. XXVII.

DAN. BEN.

FRom whence proceeds this ſodaine change?
From whence this quaint and coyeſt ſpeech?
Where did you learne to looke ſo ſtrange?
What Doctor taught you thus to preach?
Into my heart it cannot ſinke,
That you doe ſpeake as you doe thinke.

Your ſmiling face and glauncing eye,
(That promiſe grace and not deſpight)
With theſe your words doe not agree,
That ſeeme to ſhun your chiefe delight:
But giue me leaue, I thinke it ſtill,
Your words doe wander from your will.

Of women now the greateſt part,
Whoſe place and age doe ſo require,
Doe chuſe a friend whoſe faithfull heart,
May quench the flame of ſecret fire:
Now if your liking be not plac'ſt,
I know you will chuſe one at laſt.

Then chuſing one, let me be he,
If ſo our hidden fancies frame,
Becauſe you are the onely ſhee,
That firſt inrag'de my fancies flame,
If firſt you graunt me this good will,
My heart is yours and ſhall be ſtill.

I haue a frame that fell of late,
Worth fortie pounds, at yeerely rent,
That will I giue to mend your ſtate,
And proue my loue is truely ment:
Let not my ſute be flat denide,
And what you want ſhall be ſupplide,

Our long acquaintance makes me bold,
To ſhew my griefe, to eaſe my mind,
For new found friends, change not the old,
The like perhaps you ſhall not finde,
Be not too raſh, take good aduiſe,
Your hap is good if you be wiſe.

CANT. XXVIII.

AVISA:

MY hap is hard and ouerbad,
To be miſdeem'd of euery man:
That thinke me quickly to be had,
That ſee me pleaſant now and than:
Yet would I not bee much agreeu'd,
If you alone were thus deceiu'd,

But you alone are not deceiu'de,
With ticing baites of pleaſant view,
But many others haue beleiu'd,
And tryde the ſame as well as you,
But they repent their folly paſt:
And ſo will you I hope at laſt.

You seeme as though you lately came,
From London from some baudy cell
Where you haue met some wanton dame,
That knowes the tricks of whores so well:
Know you some wiues vse more then one?
Goe backe to them, for here are none.

For here are none that list to chuse,
A nouell change where old remaine,
My choyse is past, and I refuse,
While this doth last to choose againe:
While one doth liue, I will no more,
Although I beg from dore to dore.

Bestow your farmes among your friends
Your forty pounds cannot prouoke,
The setled heart whom vertue binds;
To trust the traines of hidden hooke:
The labor's lost that you endure,
To gorged Hauke to cast the lure.

If lust had led me to the spoyle,
And wicked will to wanton change,
Your betters that haue had the foyle,
Had caus'd me long ere this to range:
But they haue left, for they did see,
How farre they were mistooke of me:

CANT.

CANT. XXIX.

DAN. BEN.

MIstake indeede if this be true,
If youth can yeeld to fauours foe,
If wisedome spring, where fancy grew,
But sure I thinke it is not so;
Let faithfull meaning purchase trust,
That likes for loue and not for lust.

Although you sweare you will not yeelde,
Although my death you should intend,
Yet will I not forsake the field,
But still remaine your constant friend:
Say what you list, flee where you will,
I am your thrall, to saue or spill.

You may command me out of sight,
As one that shall no fauour find,
But though my body take this flight,
Yet shall my heart remaine behind.
That shall your guilty conscience tell,
You haue not vsde his master well.

His Masters loue he shall repeate,
And watch his turne to purchase grace,
His secret eye shall lye in waite,
Where any other gaine the place:
When we each other cannot see,
My heart shall make you thinke of mee.

To force a fancy where is none,
'Tis but in vaine, it will not hold,
But where it growes it selfe alone.
A little fauour makes it bold:
Till fancy frame your free consent,
I must perforce be needs content.

Though I depart with heauy cheare,
As hauing lost or left my heart,
With one whose loue I held too deare,
That now can smile when others smart:
Yet let your Prisoner mercy see,
Least you in time a Prisoner bee.

CANT. XXX.

AVISA.

IT makes me smile to see the bent,
Of wandring minds with folly fed,
How fine they faine, how faire they paint,
To bring a louing foole to bed,
They will be dead except they haue,
What so (forsooth) their fancies craue.

If you did seeke as you pretend,
Not friendlesse lust, but friendly loue,
Your tongue and speeches would not tend,
Such lawlesse actions so to moue:
But you can wake although you winke,
And sweare the thing you neuer thinke.

To

To wauering men that ſpeake ſo faire,
Let women neuer credit giue,
Although they weepe, although they ſweare,
Such fained ſhewes let none belieue,
For they that thinke their words be true,
Shall ſoone their haſty credit rue.

Catullus. Tum iam nulla viro iuranti fœmina credet, Nulla viri ſperet ſermones eſſe fideles: Qui quum aliquid cupiens animus prægeſt apiſci, Nil metuunt iurare, nihil promittere parcunt Sed ſimul ac cupida mentis ſatiata libido eſt, Dicta nihil metuêre, nihil periuria curant.

When ventring luſt doth make them dare,
The ſimple wenches to betray:
For preſent time they take no care,
What they do ſweare, nor what they ſay.
But hauing once obtainde the lot,
Their words and oathes are all forgot.

Let rouing Prince from Troyes ſacke,
Whoſe fawning fram'd Queene *Dido's* fall,
Teach women wit, which wiſdome lacke,
Miſtruſt the moſt, beware of all:
When ſelfe-will rules where reaſon ſate,
Fond women oft repent too late.

The wandring paſſions of the mind,
Where conſtant vertues beare no ſway,
Such frantike fickle changes find,
That reaſon knowes not where to ſtay,
Now boaſt you then of conſtant loue,
Where luſt all vertue doth remoue.

Combat betweene reaſon & appetite, No conſtant loue where inconſtant affections rule. That loue onely conſtant that is grounded on vertue.

DAN. BEN.

DAN. BEN. *being somewhat grieued with this answere, after long absence, and silence, at length writeth as followeth.*

CANT. XXXI.

DAN. BEN to AVISA. more pittie.

THere is a cole that burnes the more
The more you cast cold water neere:
Like humor feedes my secret sore.
Not quencht, but fed by cold despaire:
The more I feele that you disdaine,
The faster doth my loue remaine.

Canol Cole found in many places of England. *Nimpsus loeus Leonicus de varia hist. fol. 98.*

In Greece they finde a burning soyle,
That fumes in nature like the same,
Cold water makes the hotter broyle,
The greater frost the greater flame:
So frames it with my loue neere lost,
That fiercely fries amidst the frost.

By the Ionian Sea there is a place that burnes continually & the more water is cast into it, the more it flames.

My heart inflam'd with quenchlesse heate,
Doth fretting fume in secret fire,
These hellish torments are the meate,
That daily feed this vaine desire.
Thus shall I groane in gastly griefe,
Till you by mercy send reliefe.

You

You first inflam'd my brimstone thought,
Your fawning fauour witcht mine eye,
O luckleſſe eye that thus haſt brought
Thy maſters heart to ſtray awry:
Now blame your ſelfe if I offend,
The hurt you made you muſt amend.

With theſe my lines I ſend a ring,
Leſt you might thinke you were forgot,
The poeſie meanes a pretty thing,
That bids you *Doe, but dallie not:*
Do ſo ſweete heart, and doe not ſtay,
For dangers grow from fond delay.

Fiue winters froſts haue ſaid to quell,
The flaming fits of firme deſire,
Fiue Summers Sunnes cannot expell,
The cold deſpaire that feeds the fire:
This time I hope my trueth doth trie,
Now yeeld in time, or elſe I die.

Dudum Beatus.

CANT. XXXII.

AVISA to DAN. BEN. *more wisedome and feare of God.*

The roote *Baarat* is good to deliuer them that are possessed with euill Spirits *Iosephus.*

THe Indian men haue found a plant,
Whose vertue mad conceits doth quell,
This roote (methinkes) you greatly want,
This raging madnesse to repell,
If rebell fancie worke this spite,
Request of God a better sprite.

If you by folly did offend,
By giuing raines vnto your lust,
Let wisdome now these fancies end,
Sith thus vntwin'd is all your trust:
If wit to will, will needs resigne,
Why should your fault be counted mine.

Your Ring and letter that you sent,
I both returne from whence they came,
As one that knowes not what is ment,
To send or write to me the same:
You had your answere long before,
So that you need to send no more.

Your chosen poesie seemes to show,
That all my deedes but dallyings bee,
I neuer dallied that I know,
And that I thinke you partly see:
I shewd you first my meanings plaine,
The same is yet and shall remaine.

Som

Some ſay, that time doth purge the bloud,
And frantike humours brings to frame:
I maruell time hath done no good,
Your long hid griefes and qualmes to tame?
What ſecret hope doth yet remaine,
That makes theſe ſutes reuiue againe?

Time purgeth cholericke humors, and the bloud.

But die you will, and that in haſte,
Except you finde ſome quicke releife,
Ile warrant you, your life at laſt,
While fooliſh loue is all your griefe:
As firſt I ſaide, ſo ſay I ſtill,
I cannot yeeld, nor euer will.

Alwayes the ſame
Auiſa.

CANT. XXXIII.

The ſecond Letter of DAN. BEN. to hard-hearted AVISA, Farewell.

I Finde it true that ſome haue ſaide,
Its hard to loue and to be wiſe:
For wit is oft by loue betraide,
And brought a ſleepe by fond deuiſe;
Sith faith no fauour can procure,
My patience muſt my paine endure.

Difficile eſt diligere & ſapere Vulteius.

When

When womens wits haue drawne the plot,
And of their fancy laid the frame,
Then that they hold, where good or not,
No force can moue them from the same:
So you, becauſe you firſt denide,
Do thinke it ſhame from that to ſlide.

Non ſi fœmineum crebro caput igne refundas Ingenii montes prima metalla ſui.

As faithfull friendſhip mou'd my tongue,
Your ſecret loue, and fauour craue,
And as I neuer did you wrong,
This laſt requeſt ſo let me haue:
Let no man know what I did moue,
Let no man know that I did loue.

That will I ſay, this is the worſt,
When this is ſaid, then all is paſt,
Thou proud A'uiſa, *wert the firſt,*
Thou hard A'uiſa, *art the laſt:*
Though thou in ſorrow make me dwell,
Yet loue will make me wiſh thee well.

Write not againe, except you write,
This onely gentle word, *I will,*
This onely word will bring delight,
The reſt will breede but ſorrow ſtill.
God grant you gaine that you deſire,
By keeping that which I require.

Yet will I liſten now and then,
To ſee the end my mind will craue,
Where you will yeeld to other men,
The thing that I could neuer haue.
But what to me? where falſe or true,
Where liue or die, for aye *Adue.*

Fortuna ferenda. DAN. BEN.

DY-

DYDIMVS HARCONIVS. *ANGLOGERMANVS.*

CANT. XXXIIII.

DY. HAR.

I Haue to say, yet cannot speake,
The thing that I would gladly say;
My heart is strong, though tongue be weake,
Yet will I speake it as I may:
And if I speake not as I ought,
Blame but the errors of my thought.

And if I thinke not as should,
Blame loue that bad me so to thinke,
And if I say not what I would,
T'is modest shame that makes me shrinke,
For sure their loue is very small,
That can at first expresse it all.

Forgiue my blush, if I doe blush,
You are the first I euer tride,
And last whose conscience I will crush,
If now at first I be denide.
I must be plaine, then giue me leaue,
I cannot flatter nor deceiue.

You know that Marchants ride for gaine,
As chiefe foundations of their state,
You see that we refuse no paine,
To rise betime and trauell late:
But farre from home this is the spite,
We want sometimes our chiefe delight.

I am no Saint I must confesse,
But natur'de like to other men
My meaning you may quickly guesse,
I loue a woman now and then
And yet it is my common vse,
To take aduise, before I chuse.

I oft haue seene the Westerne part,
And therein many a pretie elfe,
But found not any in my heart,
I like so well as of your selfe,
And if you like no worse of mee,
We may perhaps in time agree.

CANT. XXXV.

AVISA.

WHen first you did request to talke,
With me alone a little space:
When first I did consent to walke,
With you alone within this place,
From this your sage and sober cheare,
I thought some graue aduise to heare.

Some

Some ſay that womens faces faine,
A modeſt ſhew from wanton heart,
But giue me leaue, I ſee it plaine,
That men can play a double part,
I could not dreame, that I ſhould find,
In luſtleſſe ſhew, ſuch luſtfull mind.

You make as though you would not ſpeake
As vnacquainted yet with loue,
As though your mind you could not breake
Nor how theſe ſecret matters moue,
You bluſh to ſpeake, Alas the bluſh,
Yet this is all not worth a ruſh.

Such ſlie conceits are out of ioynt,
So foule within, ſo faire without,
Not worth in proofe a threeden point:
But now to put you out of doubt,
Your thought is farre deceiu'de of mee,
As you in in time ſhall plainely ſee.

If you had knowne my former life,
With ſpotleſſe fame that I haue held,
How firſt a maide, and then a wife,
Theſe youthly ſutes I haue repeld:
You would (I hope) correct your rate,
That iudge me thus a common mate.

Whom you haue ſeene I doe not care,
Nor reck not what you did requeſt,
I am content this flout to beare,
In that you ſay, you like me beſt:
And if you wiſh that we agree,
Correct your wrong conceit of mee.

CANT. XXXVI.

DY. HAR.

THe lymed bird by fowlers traine
Intrapt by view of pleasant baite,
Would faine vnwinde himselfe againe,
But feeles too late the hid deceit.
So haue I found the clasping lime,
That will stick fast for longer time.

In Italy is a certaine water that falleth into the riuer Anon, of colour white, and at first seemes to be wonderfull cold, but being a while in it, it heateth the body more extreamely. *Leonicus de varia Histor.*

There is a floud whose riuers runne,
Like streames of milke, and seemes at first,
Extreamely cold, all heate to shunne,
But stay a while and quench you thirst,
Such vehement heate there will arise,
As greater heate none may deuise.

These strange effects I finde inrold,
Within this place since my returne,
My first affections were but cold,
But now I feele them fiercely burne.
The more you make such strange retire
The more you draw my new desire.

You thinke perchance I doe but iest,
Or I your secrets will bewray:
Or hauing got that I request,
With false *Æneas* steale away,
If you suspect that I will range,
Let God forsake me, when I change.

I will not boaſt me of my wealth,
You ſhall no gold nor Iewels want,
You ſee I am in perfect health,
And if you pleaſe to giue your grant,
A hundred pounds ſhall be your hire,
But onely doe that I require.

And heer's a Bracelet to begin,
Worth twenty Angels to be ſolde,
Beſides the reſt this ſhall you win,
And other things not to be told:
And I will come but now and then,
To void ſuſpect, none ſhall know when.

CANT. XXXVII.

AVISA.

WHy then your conſcience doth declare,
A guilty minde that ſhunnes the light,
A ſpotleſſe conſcience needs not feare,
The tongues of men, nor yet the ſight:
Your ſecret ſlides doe paſſe my skill,
And plainely ſhew your workes are ill.

Your words commend the lawleſſe rite
Of *Platoes* lawes that freedome gaue,
That men and women for delight,
Might both in common freely haue,
Yet God doth threaten cruell death,
To them that breake their wedlocke faith.

In Plato his common wealth, all women were cõmon, contrary to the cõmandement of God. *Exod.* 10. 14. *Leui.* 18. 20.

Strange pleasures seeme sweete at the beginning, but their end is as bitter as wormwood. *Prou.5.3.3. Prou.6.27.*

The Bee beares hony in her mouth,
Yet poysoned sting in hinder part:
The spring is sweet where pleasure groweth,
The fall of leafe brings stormy smart:
Vaine pleasure seemes most sweet at first,
And yet their end is still accurst.

Non tanti emam panitere Filthy heathen lawes. In Cyprus their Maides before the time of their marriage were set open to euery man, to gaine their dowry. *Iustine.*

What bosome beares hote burning coales,
And yet consumes not with the same?
What feet tread fire with bared soles,
And are not singed with the flame?
Then stay my friend make no such haste
To buy *Repentance* at the last.

The Babylonians had a custome, that if any were poore they should procure their daughters and wiues to get money with their bodies. *Herodot: Formosa pretio capiuntur auara, Imitantur hamos Dona. Fœmina prostituit sese qua munera donat, Famina se vendit qua data donacapit. Vulteius.*

I am not of the *Cyprian* sort,
Nor yet haue learnd the common vse,
Of *Babel* Dames in filthy sport,
For gaine no commers to refuse:
What stormes or troubles euer grow,
I list not seeke my liuing so.

Your gorgeous gifts, your golden hookes,
Doe moue but fooles to looke aside,
The wise shall shunne such crafty crookes,
That haue such false resemblance tride:
But men are sure that they will lift,
That are content to take a gift.

CANT.

CANT. XXXVIII.

DY. HAR.

NAy then farewell, if this bee so,
If you be of the puter stampe,
Gainst wind and tide I cannot row,
I haue no oyle to feede that lampe:
Be not too rash, denie not flat,
For you refuse you know not what.

But rather take a father day,
For farther triall of my faith,
And rather make some wise delay,
To see and take some farther breath:
He may too rashly be denide,
Whose faithfull heart was neuer tride.

And though I be by Iury cast,
Yet let me liue a while in hope:
And though I bee comdemn'd at last,
Yet let my fancie haue some scope,
And though the body flye away,
Yet let me with the shadow play.

Will you receiue if I do send,
A token of my secret loue?
And stay vntill you see the end,
Of these effects that fancie moue?
Graunt this, and this shall salue my sore
Although you neuer grant me more.

And thus at first let this suffice,
Inquire of me and take the view,
Of mine estate, with good aduice,
And I will doe the like by you:
And as you like, so frame your loue,
But passe not promise till you proue.

This haue I said to shew my bent,
But no way spoken to offend,
And though my loue cannot relent,
Yet passed errors will I mend:
Keepe close the tenor of our talke,
And say, we did for pleasure walke.

CANT. XXXIX.

AVISA.

THen iugling mates doe most deceiue,
And most delude the dazeled sight
When vp they turne their folded sleeue,
With bared armes to worke their slight:
When sharpe-set Foxe begins to preach,
Let Goslings keepe without his reach.

And will you haue me set a day,
To feede your hope with vaine delayes?
Well, I will doe as you doe say,
And poste you off with fainting stayes:
That day shall breake my plighted faith,
That drawes my last and gasping breath.

If

If you will hope, then hope in this,
Ile neuer grant that you require:
If this you hope, you ſhall not miſſe,
But ſhall obtaine your hopes deſire,
If other hope you do retaine,
Your labor's loſt, your hope's in vaine.

The childe that playes with ſharpened tooles,
Doth hurt himſelfe for want of wit,
And they may well be counted fooles,
That wreſtle neere a dangerous pit:
Your looſe deſire doth hope for that,
Which I muſt needs deny you flat.

Send me no tokens of your luſt,
Such gifts I liſt not to receiue,
Such guiles ſhall neuer make me truſt,
Such broad-laid baites cannot deceiue,
For they to yeeld doe then prepare,
That grant to take ſuch profered ware.

The woman that receiueth gifts of ſuch ſutors, ſelleth her ſelfe and her libertie.

If this be it you haue to ſay,
You know my mind that cannot change,
I muſt be gon I cannot ſtay,
No fond delight can make me range,
And for a farewell this I ſweare,
You get not that I hold ſo deare.

After long abſence D. H. *happening to come in on a time ſuddenly to her houſe, and finding her all alone amongſt her Maides ſpinning, ſaid nothing: but going home wrote theſe verſes following, which he called his* Dum habui, *and ſent them vnto her.*

CANT. XL.

DY. HAR. *To* AYISA *too conſtant.*

WHilſt erſt I had my libertie,
To range the woods were fancie liſt,
The cauſe of all my miſerie,
By heedleſſe haſte my way I miſt:
Vntill I found within a plaine,
A Chriſtal Well where Nimphes remaine.

As weary of this wild-gooſe race,
That led askance, I know not where,
I choſe at length a ſhadow place,
To take the cold and pleaſant ayre;
But from the brinke of that ſame Well,
I ſaw my Heauen, or elſe my Hell.

I ſaw a bird from ioynimg groue,
That ſoaring came with comely grace,
The Lilly and Vermilion ſtroue,
In maiden like and louely face:
With ſeemely armes in ſteed of wings,
No clawes, but fingers ſet with rings.

And

And in her hand ſhee held a dart,
As being of *Diana's* traine,
O that's the cauſe of all my ſmart,
And breeder of this endleſſe paine:
The thing I ſought not there I find,
And loſt the freedome of my mind.

While on her eyes, my eyes did hang,
From rolling eye there ſprang a glance,
And therewith heard a ſudaine clang,
That ſtrake me in a deadly trance:
But wak't I ſaw blind *Cupids* craft,
And in my heart the golden ſhaft.

I ſued for grace but ſhee denide
Her lofty looke ſhee caſt awrie,
And when my folly ſhee eſpide,
Shee laught to ſee my miſerie:
Away ſhee ſoares and from my ſight,
She ſmiling takes her parting flight.

You are the bird, that bred the bane,
That ſwelleth thus in reſtleſſe thought,
You are the ſnare that thus hath tane,
And ſences all to thraldome brought:
You are the iaylor that doe keepe,
Your friend in bonds and dungeon deepe.

Renowned chaſte *Penelope*,
With all her words could not redriue
Her ſutors, till ſhee ſet a day,
In which ſhee would them anſwere giue,
When threedy ſpindlefull was grown,
Then would ſhee chuſe one for her own.

They

They daily came to ſee the end,
And euery man doth hope to be,
The choſen man, to be her friend:
But womans wiles heere men may ſee,
Her ſpill was neuer fully ſpone,
For night vndid what day had done.

I hope the like you haue decreed,
That found you ſpinning but of late,
Would God your Spill were full of threed,
That might relieue my wretched ſtate:
I will forget the wrongs are paſt,
So you will chuſe me at the laſt.

Chuſe one at length, I know you will,
Let tryed faith for ten yeares ſpace,
How euer that your ſpindle fill,
With ioy poſſeſſe that emptie place:
And if you will I doe proteſt,
My loue ſhall farre ſurmount the reſt.

Theſe lines that hope for better ſpeed,
As louing ſpies are ſent to ſee;
Where you haue ſpunne vp all your threed,
And what good hap is left for me:
Let their returne, yet make him glad,
Whom loues deſpaire, hath made ſo ſad.

D. H.

AVISA *her answer to* DY. HAR. *a finall resolution.*

CANT. XLII.

DY. HAR.

IF I be of *Diana's* traine,
As true it is I must confesse
I maruell that you striue in vaine,
Where fruitlesse hope yeelds no redresse
For they must needs continue sad,
That seeke for that will not be had.

What seruile folly doth possesse,
Your base conceit, that can abide
Such piteous plaints and suites addresse,
To them that doe your suites deride?
For I can hardly thinke them wise,
That trie againe, repulsed thrice.

No *Hellens* rape, no Troyan warre,
My louing mate hath forc't away,
No *Iunos* wrath to wander farre,
From louing bed can make him stray:
Nor stay at all in forraigne land,
But heere I haue him still at hand.

My

My ſweet *Vliſſes* neuer ſtayes,
From his deſired home ſo long,
That I ſhould neede ſuch rare delayes
To ſhield me from intended wrong:
My chiefe delights are alwayes nie,
And in my boſome ſweetly lie.

The ſpindle that you ſee me driue,
Hath fild the ſpill ſo often trend,
My heart is fixt, ſince that you ſee,
My wedlocke faith to choſen friend:
Then leaue to ſue, ſince that you ſee,
Your hap debars your hope from mee.

I vſe not oft to make reply,
To lines that yeeld ſuch wanton ſtore,
Let this ſuffice, that I deny,
And after this looke for no more,
My choyce is bound by lawfull band,
My oath is paſt, and that ſhall ſtand.

Alwayes the ſame
Auiſa.

CANT.

CANT. XLII.

D.H. *to chaſt* AVISA *perpetuall conſtancie.*

THis is enough: now I haue done,
I thinke indeede you doe not faine,
As others haue, that haue beene wone
In ſhorter ſpace, with leſſer paine,
And ſith you will not yeeld in deed
To theſe my wordes, yet take good heed:

My former loue was onely luſt,
As you indeed did truely ſay,
And they, ſuch loue that raſhly truſt,
Do plant the plot of ſwift decay:
But they whom Grace doth make ſo wiſe,
To high renowne, will ſurely riſe.

If you had had a waxy heart,
That would haue melt at hot deſire,
Or chaffie thoughts that could haue ſtart,
And yeeld to burne at euery fire.
What ere I did, or ſaid before,
I ſhould haue thought you but a whore.

O violata, vale, vale O violata, placebas, Inuiolata noces nunc violata mihi. Vulteius.

Though ſaylers loue the common Port,
As ſafeſt harbour where to reſt,
Yet wiſe men ſeeke the ſtrongeſt fort,
And paper Caſtles moſt deteſt:
Men cannot loue ſuch as they know,
Will yeeld at ſight of euery blow.

Sic Virgo dum intacta manet, tum chara ſuis ſed cum amiſit pollutæ corpore florem. Nec pueris iucunda manet, nec chara puellis. Catullus.

But

But now my loue by vertue bound,
No ſtormy blaſtes can make it quaile,
Your conſtant mind a friend hath found,
Whoſe honeſt loue ſhall neuer faile,
A faithfull friend in honeſt loue,
Whom lewde affections ſhall not moue.

If you this wanton fault forgiue,
No time in me ſhall euer finde
Such lewde attempts while I doe liue,
Now that I know your conſtant minde,
My pen doth write, my heart hath ſwore,
My tongue ſuch ſpeech ſhall vſe no more.

A thouſand times I loue thee more,
Then if I had my purpoſe wonne,
Of common loue I make no ſtore,
But leaue it there where I begunne,
What oddes there is, now you may proue,
Twixt wicked luſt and honeſt loue.

Now grant I pray this laſt requeſt,
That fraudleſſe heart doth friendly ſend,
That if my faith deſerue it beſt,
Accept me for your honeſt friend:
And if I ſeeke your ſpoyle or ſhame,
Then raze me out and blot my name.

And if I ſhall this fauour find,
Then weare this ring, though you be loath,
As token of my ſimple mind,
And perfect band of faithfull oath:
The poeſie is, *No friend to faith*
That will remaine, till both our death.

Eſteeme

Eſteeme not this a painted baite,
Or golden ball caſt to deceaue:
If I doe meane ſuch lewd deceit,
Let God my ſoule in torments leaue:
I ſay no more, but thus I end,
In honeſt loue your faithfull friend. *D.H.*

CANT. XLIII.

AVISA to D.H.

YOu know that I haue laid my reſt,
From which my mind ſhall neuer ſwerue,
If all be true that you proteſt,
Then ſhall you find as you deſerue:
All hidden truth time will bewray,
This is as much as I can ſay.

Alway the ſame
AVISA.

CANT. XLIIII.

Henrico Willobego, Italo-Hiſpalenſis.

H.W. being ſodenly infected with the contagion of a fantaſticall fit, at the firſt ſight of *A*, pineth awhile in ſecret griefe, at length not able any longer to indure the burning heate of ſo feruent a humour, bewrayeth the ſecrecy of his diſeaſe vnto his familiar friend

friend W.S. who not long before had tryed the curteſie of the like paſſion, and was now newly recouered of the like infection; yet finding his friend let bloud in the ſame veine, he tooke pleaſure for a time to ſee him bleed, and in ſteed of ſtopping the iſſue, he inlargeth the wound, with the ſharpe raſor of a willing conceit, perſwading him that hee thought it a matter very eaſie to be compaſſed, and no doubt with paine diligence and ſome coſt in time to bee obtained. Thus this miſerable comforter comforting his friend with an impoſſibilitie, either for that he now would ſecretly laugh at his friends folly, that had giuen occaſion not long before vnto others to laugh at his owne, or becauſe he would ſee whether another could play his part better then himſelfe, and in viewing a far off the courſe of this louing Comedy, hee determined to ſee whether it would ſort to a happier end for this new actor, then it did for the olde player. But at length this Comedy had like to haue growne a Tragedy, by the weake and feeble eſtate that H. W. was brought vnto, by a deſperate view of an impoſſibility of obtaining his purpoſe, till Time and Neceſſity, being his beſt Phyſitions brought him a plaſter if not to heale, yet in part to eaſe his malady. In all which diſcourſe is liuely repreſented the vnruly rage of vnbridled fancy, hauing the raines to roue at liberty, with the diuers and ſundry changes of affections and temptations, which Will, ſet looſe from Reaſon, can deuiſe, &c.

H.W.

H. W.

WHat ſodaine chance or change is this
That doth bereaue my quiet reſt?
What ſurly cloud eclipſt my bliſſe,
What ſpirit doth rage within my breſt?
Such fainty qualmes I neuer found,
Till firſt I ſaw this weſterne ground:

Can change of ayre complexions change,
And ſtrike the ſenſes out of frame?
Though this be true yet this is ſtrange,
Sith I ſo lately hither came:
And yet in body cannot find
So great a change, as in my mind.

My luſtleſſe limmes doe pine away,
Becauſe my heart is dead within,
All liuely heate I feele decay,
And deadly cold his roome doth win,
My humors all are out of frame.
I freeze amid'ſt the burning flame.

I haue the feuer Hecticke right,
I burne within, conſume without,
And hauing melted all my might,
Then followes death without all doubt:
O fearefull foole, that know my griefe,
Yet ſue and ſeeke for no reliefe.

I know the time, I know the place,
Both when and where my eye did view
That nouell ſhape that friendly face,
That ſo doth make my heart to rew,
O happy time if ſhe inclyne,
If not, Woe worth theſe luckleſſe eyne.

I loue the ſeat where ſhe did ſit,
I kiſſe the graſſe, where ſhe did tread,
Me thinkes I ſee that face as yet,
And eye, that all theſe turmoyles bred:
I enuy that this ſeat, this ground,
Such friendly grace and fauour found.

I dream't of late, God grant that dreame
Portend my good, that ſhee did meete
Me in this greene by yonder ſtreame,
And ſmiling did me friendly greete:
Where wandring dreames be iuſt or wrong,
I mind to trie ere it be long.

But yonder comes my faithfull frend,
That like aſſaults hath often tryde,
On his aduice I will depend,
Where I ſhall winne or be denyde,
And looke what counſell he ſhall giue,
That will I doe, where dye or liue.

CANT.

CANT. XLV.

W.S.

WEll met, friend *Harry*, what's the cauſe
You looke ſo pale with Lenten cheekes?
Your wanny face and ſharpened noſe
Shew plaine, your mind ſome thing miſlikes,
If you will tell me what it is,
Ile helpe to mend what is amiſſe.

What is ſhe, man, that workes thy woe,
And thus thy tickling fancy moue?
Thy drowſie eyes, and ſighes doe ſhow,
This new diſeaſe proceeds of loue,
Tell what ſhe is that witch't thee ſo,
I ſweare it ſhall no farder go.

A heauy burden weerieth one,
Which being parted then in twaine,
Seemes very light, or rather none,
And boren well with little paine:
The ſmothered flame too cloſely pent,
Burnes more extreame for want of vent.

So ſorrowes ſhrynde in ſecret breſt,
Attaint the heart with hotter rage,
Then grieſes that are to friends expreſt,
Whoſe comfort may ſome part aſſwage:
If I a friend whoſe faith is tryde,
Let this requeſt not be denyde.

Exceſſiue griefes good counſells want,
And cloud the ſence from ſharpe conceits,
No reaſon rules where ſorrowes plant,
And foily feedes where fury frets,
Tell what ſhe is, and you ſhall ſee,
What hope and helpe ſhall come from mee.

CANT. XLVI.

H. W.

SEeſt yonder houſe, where hangs the badge
Of Englands Saint, when Captaines cry
Victorious land, to conquering rage,
Loe, there my hopeleſſe helpe doth ly:
And there that friendly foe doth dwell,
That makes my heart thus rage and ſwell.

CANT. XLVII.

W. S.

WEll, ſay no more: I know thy griefe,
And face from whence theſe flames ariſe,
It is not hard to find reliefe,
If thou wilt follow good aduiſe:
She is no Saint, She is no Nunne,
I thinke in time ſhe may be wonne:

At

At firſt repulſe you muſt not faint,
Nor flye the field though ſhe deny
You twice or thrice, yet manly bent,
Againe you muſt, and ſtill reply:
When time permits you not to talke,
Then let your pen and fingers walke.

Ars veteratoria.

Apply her ſtill with diuers things,
(For gifts the wiſeſt will deceaue)
Sometimes with gold, ſometimes with ringes,
No time nor fit occaſion leaue,
Though coy at firſt ſhe ſeeme and wilde,
Theſe toyes in time will make her yeelde.

Munera (crede mihi) placeant hominesque Deosque.

Looke what ſhee likes, that you muſt loue,
And what ſhe hates you muſt deteſt,
Where good or bad you muſt approue,
The words and workes that pleaſe her beſt:
If ſhee be godly, you muſt ſweare,
That to offend you ſtand in feare.

You muſt commend her louing face,
For women ioy in beauties prayſe,
You muſt admire her ſober grace,
Her wiſdome and her vertuous wayes,
Say 'twas her wit and modeſt ſhow,
That made you like and loue her ſo.

Wicked wiles to deceiue witles women.

You muſt be ſecret, conſtant, free,
Your ſilent ſighes and trickling teares,
Let her in ſecret often ſee,
Then wring her hand as one that feares
To ſpeake, then wiſh ſhe were your wife,
And laſt deſire her ſaue your life.

When ſhe doth laugh, you muſt be glad,
And watch occaſion, time, and place;
When ſhe doth frowne, you muſt be ſad,
Let ſighes and ſobs requeſt her grace:
Sweare that your loue is truely ment,
So ſhe in time muſt needs relent.

CANT. XLVIII.

HEN. Will.

THe whole to ſicke good counſell giue,
Which they themſelues cannot performe,
Your words doe promiſe ſweete releiue,
To ſaue my ſhip from drowning ſtorme:
That hope is paſt, and health is ſpent,
For why my mind is Mal-content.

The flowring hearbs, the pleaſant ſpring,
That decks the fields with vernant hew,
The harmeleſſe birds that ſweetly ſing,
My hidden griefes doe ſtill renew:
The ioyes that others long to ſee,
Is it that moſt tormenteth me.

To deſpaire of good ſucceſſe in the beginning of any action is alwayes a ſecret and moſt certaine forerunner of ill ſucceſſe that indeed doth often follow.

I greatly doubt though *March* be paſt;
Where I ſhall ſee the wiſhed *May*,
That can recure that balefull blaſt,
Whoſe cold deſpaire wrought my decay:
My hopeleſſe clouds, that neuer cleare,
Preſage great ſorrow very neare.

I mirth did once, and muſicke loue,
Which both as now I greatly hate:
What vncoth ſpirit my heart doth moue,
To loth the thing I lou'd ſo late?
My greateſt eaſe in deepeſt mone,
Is when I walke my ſelfe alone.

Where thinking on my hopeleſſe hap,
My trickling teares like riuers flow,
Yet fancie luls me in her lap,
And tels me life from death ſhall grow:
Thus flattering hope makes me belieue,
My griefe in time ſhall feele relieue.

Good fortune helps the ventring wight,
That hard attempts dare vndertake:
But they that ſhun the doubtfull fight,
As cowards drudges doth forſake:
Come what there will I meane to trie,
Where winne or loſe, I can but die.

Audaces fortuna iuuat timidoſque repellit.

CANT. XLIX.

H. Will. the firſt aſſault.

PArdon (ſweete wench) my fancies fault,
If I offend to ſhew my ſmart,
Your face hath made ſuch fierce aſſault,
And battered ſo my fenceleſſe heart,
That of my foe my life to ſaue,
For grace I am conſtraind to craue.

The raging Lyon neuer rends,
The yeelding prey, that proſtrate lyes,
Nor valiant Captaine euer bends,
His force againſt ſurrendring cryes:
Heere I ſurrender roome and right,
And yeeld the fort at Captaines fight.

You are the chiefetaine, that haue laid,
This heauie ſiege to ſtrengthleſſe fort,
And fancie that my will betraid,
Hath lent deſpaire his ſtrongeſt port:
Your glancing eyes as Canon ſhot,
Haue pearc'ſt my heart and freedome got.

When firſt I ſaw that friendly face,
Though neuer ſeene before that day,
That wit, that talke, that ſober grace,
In ſecret heart thus did I ſay:
God proſper this, for this is ſhe,
That ioy or woe muſt bring to me.

A thouſand features I haue ſeene,
For trauellers change and choyſe ſhall ſee,
In France, in Flanders, and in Spaine,
Yet none nor none cold conquer me,
Till now I ſaw this face of thine,
That makes my wittes are none of mine.

I often ſaid yet there is one,
But where or what I could not tell,
Whoſe ſight my ſence would ouercome,
I feard it ſtill, I knew it well:
And now I know you are the ſhe,
That was ordain'd to vanquiſh me.

CANT. L.

AVISA.

WHat ſong is this that you doe ſing
What tale is this that you doe tell?
What newes is this that you doe bring.
Or what you meane I know not well?
If you will ſpeake, pray ſpeake it plaine,
Leſt elſe perhaps you loſe your paine.

My mind ſurpriz'd with houſhold cares,
Tends not darke riddles to vntwine,
My ſtate ſurcharg'd with great affaires,
To idle talke can lend no time:
For if your ſpeeches tend to loue,
Your tongue in vaine ſuch ſuites will moue.

In greeneſt graſſe the winding ſnake,
With poyſoned ſting is ſooneſt found,
A cowards tongue makes greateſt cracke:
The emptieſt caske yeelds greateſt ſound.
To hidden hurt, the bird to bring,
The fowler doth moſt ſweetly ſing.

If wandring rages haue poſſeſt
Your rouing mind at randome bent,
If idle qualmes from too much reſt,
Fond fancies to your luſt haue ſent:
Cut off the cauſe that breeds your ſmart,
Then will your ſickneſſe ſoone depart,

Idlenes the mother of al fooliſh wantonneſſe. *Dauid* being idle fell to ſtrange luſt. *Quæritur Ægiſtus quo ſit factus Adulter? In promptu cauſa eſt, Deſidioſus erat.*

The

Noblemen gentlemen and Captaines by Ildenes fall to all kinde of vices.

The reſtleſſe mind that reaſons wants,
Is like the ſhip that lacks a ſterne,
The heart beſet with follies plants,
At wiſedomes lore repines to learne:
Some ſeeke and find what fancie liſt,
But after wiſh that they had miſt.

Who loues to tread vnknowen pathes,
Doth often wander from his way,
Who longs to laue in braueſt bathes,
Doth waſh by night and waſte by day,
Take heed betime, beware the price,
Of wicked luſt if you be wiſe.

CANT. LI.

H. W:

VNwonted liking breeds my loue,
And loue the well ſpring of my griefe,
This fancy fixt none can remoue,
None ſend redreſſe, none giue reliefe,
But onely you whoſe onely ſight,
Hath forc'd me to this pining plight.

Loue oft doth ſpring from due deſert:
As louing cauſe of true effect,
But mine proceeds from wounded hearr,
As ſcholler to a nouell ſect:
I beare that liking few haue bore,
I loue that neuer lou'd before.

I loue though doubtfull of ſucceſſe,
As blind men grope to try the way;
Yet ſtill I loue becauſe I geſſe,
You loue for loue cannnot deny:
Except you ſpring of ſauage kind,
Whom nor deſerts nor loue can blind,

Of all the graces that excell,
And vertues that are chiefly beſt,
A conſtant loue doth beare the bell,
And makes his owner euer bleſt
How blame you then the faithfull loue,
That hath his prayſe from God aboue?

Can you withſtand what fates ordaine?
Can you reproue dame Natures frame?
Where natures ioyne, ſhall will diſclaime?
Acquit my loue: beare they the blame
That ſnuffe at faith, and looke ſo coy,
And count true loue but for a toy.

If fortune ſay it ſhall be ſo,
Then though you kicke, yet ſhall you yeeld:
Say what you liſt, you cannot goe,
Vnconquered thus from *Cupids* field:
That loue, that none could euer haue,
I giue to you, and yours I craue,

CANT.

CANT. LII.

AVISA.

WEll you are bent, I ſee, to trie
The vtmoſt liſt of follies race,
Your fancy hath no power to flie,
The luring baite of flattering grace:
The fiſh that leapes and neuer lookes,
Finds death vnwares in ſecret hookes.

You ſay you loue, yet ſhew no cauſe
Of this your loue or rather luſt,
Or whence this new affection growes:
Which though vntride, yet we muſt truſt:
Drie reedes that quickly yeeld to burne,
Soone out to flameleſſe cinders turne.

Such ranging loue in wrangling mates,
Is quickly found and ſooner loſt;
Such deepe deceit in all eſtates,
That ſpares no care, no paine, nor coſt,
With flattering tongues and golden gifts,
To driue poore women to their ſhifts.

Examine well, and you ſhall ſee,
Your truthleſſe treaſon termed loue:
What cauſe haue you to fancy me,
That neither yet had time to proue
What I haue beene, nor what I am,
Where worthy loue, or rather ſhame?

This

This loue that you to ſtrangers beare,
Is like to headſtrong horſe and mule;
That full fed neighs on euery Mare,
Whoſe luſt outleapes the lawfull rule:
For here is ſeene your conſtant loue,
Whom ſtrange aſpects ſo quickly moue.

Beſides you know, I am a wife,
Not free but bound by plighted oath:
Can loue remaine, where filthy life
Hath ſtaind the ſoile, where vertue gro'th?
Can loue indure, where faith is fled?
Can Roſes ſpring whoſe roote is dead?

True loue is conſtant in her choyſe,
But if I yeeld to chuſe againe,
Then may you ſay with open voyce,
This is her vſe, this is her veine:
She yeelds to all; how can you than,
Loue her that yeelds to euery man?

CANT. LIII.

H.W.

IF feare and ſorrow ſharpe the wit,
And tip the tongue with ſweeter grace,
Then will and ſtile muſt finely fit,
To paint my griefe and waile my cauſe:
Sith my true loue is counted luſt,
And hope is rak't in ſpitefull duſt.

The cauſe that made me loue ſo ſoone,
And feeds my mind with inward ſmart,
Springs not from ſtars, nor yet the Moone,
But cloſely lies in ſecret heart:
And if you aske I cannot tell,
Nor why, nor how this hap befell.

If birth or beautie could haue wrought,
In luſtleſſe heart this loues effect,
Some fairer farre my loue haue ſought,
Whoſe louing lookes I did reiect.
If now I yeeld without aſſault,
Count this my fortune or my fault.

You are a wife, and you haue ſwore,
You will be true, yet what of this?
Did neuer wife play falſe before,
Nor for her pleaſure ſtrike amiſſe?
Will you alone be conſtant ſtill,
When none are chaſte, nor euer will?

A man or woman firſt may chuſe,
The loue that they may after loth,
Who can deny but ſuch may vſe,
A ſecond choyſe to pleaſure both?
No fault to change the old for new,
So to the ſecond they be true.

Your husband is a worthleſſe thing,
That no way can content your mind,
That no way can that pleaſure bring,
Your flowring yeeres deſires to find,
This I will count my chiefeſt bliſſe,
If I obtaine, that others miſſe.

Ther's

There's nothing gotten to be coy,
The purer ſtampe you muſt deteſt,
Now is your time of greateſt ioy,
Then loue the friend that loues you beſt:
This I will count my chiefeſt bliſſe,
If I obtaine that others miſſe.

CANT. LIIII.

AVISA.

THat others miſſe you would obtaine,
And want of this doth make you ſad,
I ſorrow that you take ſuch paine,
To ſeeke for that will not be had;
Your filed skill the power doth want,
Within this plot ſuch trees to plant.

Though ſome there be that haue done ill,
And for their fancie broke their faith:
Yet doe not thinke that others will,
That feare the ſhame more then the death:
A ſpotleſſe name is more to me,
Then wealth, then friends, then life can be.

Are all vnconſtant, all vnſound?
Will none performe their ſworne vow?
Yet ſhall you ſay, that you haue found,
A chaſt and conſtant wife I trow:
And you ſhall ſee, when all is done,
Where all will yeeld, and all be wonne.

Though

Though you haue beene at common ſchoole
And entred plants in commonplace:
Yet you will proue your ſelfe a foole,
To iudge all women void of grace:
I doubt not but you will be brought,
Soone to repent this wicked thought.

Your ſecond change let them allow,
That liſt miſlike their primer choyce;
I lou'd him firſt, I loue him now,
To whom I gaue my yeelding voyce:
My faith and loue I will not giue,
To mortall man, while he doth liue.

What loue is this that bids me hate
The man whom nature bids me loue?
What loue is this that ſets debate,
Twixt man wife? but here I proue,
Though ſmothed words ſeeme very kind,
Yet all proceed from diuelliſh mind.

CANT. LV.

H. W.

FRom diueliſh mind? well wanton well
You thinke your ſtrength is very ſure
You thinke all women to excell,
And all temptations to indure.
Theſe glorious brags ſhew but your pride,
For all will yeeld, if they be tride.

You

You are I hope, as others be,
A woman made of fleſh and bloud,
Amongſt them all will you goe free?
When all are ill, will you be good?
Aſſure your ſelfe, I doe not faine,
Requite my loue with loue againe.

Let me be hang'd if you be ſuch,
As you pretend in outward ſhow,
Yet I commend your wiſdome much,
Which mou'd me firſt to loue you ſo:
Where men no outwards ſhewes detect;
Suſpitious minds can nought ſuſpect.

But to the matter: tell me true,
Where you your fancie can incline,
To yeeld your loue for which I ſue,
As fortune hath intangled mine:
For well I know it's nothing good;
To ſtriue againſt the raging flood.

What you miſlike, I will amend,
If yeares I want, well I will ſtay;
My goods and life heere I will ſpend,
And helpe you ſtill in what I may;
For though I ſeeme a headlong youth,
Let time be triall of my truth.

Your name by me ſhall not be crackt,
But let this tongue from out my iawes,
Be rent, and bones to peeces rackt,
If I your ſecrets doe diſcloſe:
Take good aduiſement what you ſay,
This is my good or diſmall day.

CANT. LVI.

AVISA.

YEs, ſo I will, you may be bold,
Nor will I vſe ſuch ſtrange delayes,
But that you ſhall be quickly told,
How you ſhall frame your wandring wayes,
If you will follow mine aduiſe,
Doubt not but you ſhall ſoone be wiſe.

To loue excepting honeſt loue,
I cannot yeeld aſſure your mind,
Then leaue your fruitleſſe ſuit to moue;
Leaſt like to *Syſiphus* you find,
With endleſſe labour, gaineleſſe paine,
To role the ſtone that turnes againe.

You want no yeares, but rather wit,
And due forecaſt in that you ſeeke,
To make your choyce that beſt may fit,
And this is moſt that I miſlike,
If you be free, line where you liſt,
But ſtill beware of, Had I wiſt.

Serue God and call to him for grace,
That he may ſtay your ſlippery ſlides,
From treading out that ſinfull trace,
That leades where endleſſe ſorrow bides:
Thus ſhall you wiſely guide your feet:
Though youth and wiſdome ſeldome meet.

And

And if you find, you haue no gift,
To liue a chaſte and matchleſſe life,
Yet feare to vſe vnlawfull ſhift,
But marry with ſome honeſt wife,
With whom you may contented liue;
And wandring mind from folly driue.

Flie preſent pleaſure that doth bring,
Enſuing ſorrow paine and griefe.
Of death beware the poys'ned ſting,
That hatcheth horrors ſauce reliefe:
Take this of me and in the end,
I ſhall be thought your chiefeſt friend.

Fuggi quel piacer preſente, che ti da dolor futuro.

CANT. LVII.

HEN. Will.

IF then the wel-ſpring of my ioy,
A floud of woe in fine become,
If loue ingender loues annoy,
Then farewell life, my glaſſe is runne:
If you thus conſtant ſtill remaine,
Then muſt I die, or liue in paine.

Thrice happy they whoſe ioyned hearts,
Vnited wills haue linkt in one,
Whoſe eyes diſcerne the due deſerts,
The griping griefe, and grieuous grone,
That faith doth breed in fetled mind,
As fancies are by fates inclinde.

And ſhall I role the reſtleſſe ſtone?
And muſt I proue the endleſſe paine?
In cureleſſe care ſhall I alone,
Conſume with griefe that yeelds no gaine?
If ſo; I curſe theſe eyes of mine,
That firſt beheld that face of thine.

Your will muſt with my woe diſpence,
Your face the founder of my ſmart,
That pleaſant looke fram'd this offence,
Theſe thrilling gripes, that gall my heart,
Sith you this wound and hurt did giue,
You muſt conſent to yeeld relieue.

How can I ceaſe, while fancie guides
The reſtleſſe raines of my deſire?
Can reaſon rule, where folly bides?
Can wit inthrald to will retire?
I little thought, I ſhould haue miſt,
I neuer feard of, Had I wiſt.

Let old men pray, let ſetled heads
Inthrall their necks to wedlocke band,
Shrewd golden gyues, who euer weds
With pleaſure paine ſhall take in hand:
But I will be your faithfull friend,
If health by hope you yeeld to ſend.

CANT. LVIII.

AVISA.

WHat filthy folly, raging luſt,
What beaſtly blindnes fancie breeds:
As though the Lord had not accurſt,
With vengeance due the ſinfull deeds?
Though vaine led youth with pleaſure ſwell,
Yet marke theſe words that I ſhall tell.

Who ſo with filthy pleaſure burnes,
His ſinfull fleſh with fiery flakes,
Muſt be conſum'd, whoſe ſoule returnes,
To endleſſe paine in burning lakes.
You ſeeme by this to wiſh me well,
To teach me tread the path to hell.

Gen. 38. 24. Whoremongers burne.

Call you this (loue) that bringeth ſinne,
And ſowes the ſeeds of heauy cheare?
If this be loue I pray begin,
To hate the thing you loue ſo deere:
I loue no loue of ſuch a rate,
Nor fancie that which God doth hate.

But what ſaith he that long hath tride,
Of harlots all the wanton ſleights,
Beware leaſt that your heart be tide,
To fond affects by wanton ſights:
Their wandring eyes, and wanton lookes,
Catch fooles as fiſh, with painted hookes.

Their lips with oyle and hony flow,
Their tongues are fraught with flattering guile,
Amidſt their ioyes great ſorrowes grow,
For pleaſures flowriſh but a while,
Their feet to death, their ſteps to hell,
Do ſwiftly ſlide, that thus doe mell.

Then flie this dead and dreadfull loue,
This ſigne of Gods reuenging ire;
Let loue of God ſuch luſt remoue,
And quench the flames of foule deſire:
If you will count me for your friend,
You muſt both workes and words amend.

CANT. LIX.

With this bitter reply of Auiſa, H.W. *being ſomewhat daunted yet not altogether without hope, went home to his houſe, and there ſecretly in a melancolike paſſion wrote theſe verſes following.*

H. W. to AVISA my friendly foe.

THe buſie gnat about the candle,
houering ſtill doth flie,
The ſlimie fiſh about the baite,
ſtill wauering doth lie,
The fearefull Mouſe about the trap,
doth often trie his ſtrength, (length
Vntill both gnat and fiſh and mouſe, be taken at the
Euen ſo vnhappy I, doe like my greateſt baine,
Vnles you do with ſpeed, releaſe my mortal paine.

The

The light-foot Hart deſires the water brooke,
The dog moſt ſicke the greeneſt graſſe doth craue.
The wounded wight for Surgeon ſtill doth looke.
Vntil both hart & dog, & wight their medicine haue
But I with griefe th'vnhappieſt of them all,
Doe ſtill delight to be mine enemies thrall.

Mine enemy I ſay, though yet my ſweeteſt friend,
If of my ſorrows I may ſee ſome ſpeedy holſom end.

FINIS. *Chi la dura, la Vince.*

CANT. LX.

AVISA her reply to *H. W.*

THe buſie gnat for want of wit,
Doth ſindge his wings in burning flame,
The fiſh with baite will headlong flit,
Till ſhe be choaked with the ſame.
So you with gnat and fiſh will play,
Till flame and food, worke your decay.

The heedleſſe Mouſe: that tries the trap,
In haſte to reach her hearts deſire,
Doth quickly find ſuch quaint miſhap,
That barres her ſtrength from free retire,
So you will neuer ceaſe to craue,
Till you haue loſt that now you haue.

The Hart, the dogge, the wounded wight,
For water, graſſe, and Surgeon call,
Their griefes and cure are all but light,
But your conceit ſurpaſt them all:
Except you change your wanton mind,
You ſhall no eaſe, nor comfort find.

Alwayes the ſame
Auiſa.

CANT. LXI.

Wi. proſecuteth his ſuite.

WIll not your lofty ſtomacke ſtoope?
Will not this ſelfe-conceit come downe
As haggard louing mirthleſſe coupe,
At friendly lure doth checke and frowne?
Blame not in this the Faulkners skill,
But blame the Hawkes vnbridled will.

Your ſharpe replyes, your frowning cheare,
To abſent lines, and preſent view,
Doth aye redouble trembling feare,
And griping griefes do ſtill renew,
Your face to me my ſole releife,
My ſight to you, your onely griefe.

O luckleſſe wretch, what hap had I,
To plant my loue in ſuch a ſoyle?
What furie makes me thus relie,
On her that ſeekes my vtter ſpoyle?
O Gods of loue what ſigne is this,
That in the firſt I firſt ſhould miſſe?

And can you thus increaſe my woe,
And will you thus prolong my paine?
Canſt kill the heart that loues thee ſo,
Canſt quit my loue with foule diſdaine?
And if thou canſt, wo worth the place,
Where firſt I ſaw that flattering face.

And ſhall my folly proue it true,
That haſty pleaſure doubleth paine,
Shall griefe rebound where ioy once grew,
Of faithfull heart is this the gaine?
Me thinkes for all your graue aduice,
(Forgiue my thought) you are not wiſe.

Would God I could reſtraine my loue,
Sith you to loue me cannot yeeld,
But I alas cannot remoue,
My fancie though I die in field;
My life doth on your loue depend,
My loue and life at once muſt end.

CANT.

CANT. LXII.

AVISA.

WHat witleſſe errors doe poſſeſſe,
The wretched minds of louing fooles
That breathleſſe runne to ſuch diſtreſſe,
That liuely heat fond ſorrow cooles?
They recke not where they ſtand or fall,
Deny them loue, take life and all.

It ſeemes a death to change their mind,
Or alter once their fooliſh will,
Such odde conceits they ſeeke to find;
As may their childiſh fancies fill,
It makes me ſmile thus now and then,
To ſee the guiſe of fooliſh men.

I cannot ſtoupe to wandring lure?
My mind is one and ſtill the ſame.
While breath, while life, while dayes indure,
I will not yeeld to worke my ſhame?
Then if you ſtriue or ſtirre in vaine,
Blame but the fruits of idle brain.

If I doe ſometimes looke awry,
As loth to ſee your blubbered face,
As loth to heare a yong man cry,
Correct for ſhame this childiſh race,
And though you weep and waile to me,
Yet let not all theſe follies ſee.

Good

Good *Harry* leaue theſe raging toyes,
That thus from reſtleſſe fancie flow,
Vnfit for men, not meet for boyes,
And let's a while talke wiſely now;
If that you loue me as you ſay,
Then ceaſe ſuch madneſſe to bewray.

If honeſt loue could breed content,
And frame a liking to your will,
I would not ſticke to giue conſent,
To like you ſo, and loue you ſtill;
But while luſt leades your loue awry,
Aſſure your ſelfe I will denie.

CANT. LXIII.

HEN. Will.

AND is it luſt that welds my loue?
Or is it but your fond ſurmiſe?
Will you condemne before you proue?
How can I thinke you to be wiſe?
O faithfull heart, yet thrice accurſt,
That art miſdeemd thus at the firſt.

If luſt did rule my reſtleſſe heart,
If onely luſt did beare the ſway,
I quickly could aſſwage my ſmart,
With choyſe, and change, for euery day:
You ſhould not laugh to ſee me weepe,
If luſt were it that ſtrake ſo deepe.

And

And yet at firſt, before I knew,
What veine it was that bled ſo ſore,
Where luſt or loue, to proue it true,
I tooke a ſalue that ſtill before
Was wont to helpe, I choſe me one,
With whom I quencht my luſt alone.

A bad argument to proue good loue.

Yet this (ſweet heart) could not ſuffice,
Nor any way content my mind,
I felt new qualmes, and new ariſe,
And ſtronger ſtill, and ſtrong I find,
By this, I thus doe plainely proue,
It is not luſt but faithfull loue.

And yet to proue my loue more ſure,
And ſith you will not falſe your faith,
This pining plight I will indure,
Till death doe ſtop your husbands breath:
To haue me then if you will ſay
I will not marry till that day.

If you will giue your full conſent,
When God ſhall take your husbands life,
That then you will be well content,
To be my ſpouſe and louing wife:
I will be ioyfull as before,
And till that time will craue no more.

CANT.

CANT. LXIIII.

AVISA.

NO more, no more, too much of this,
And is mine inch become an ell?
If thus you writhe my words amisse,
I must of force bid you farewell:
You shew in this your louing bent,
To catch at that, I neuer ment.

I thought at first (but this my thought
I must correct) that simple loue
In guiltlesse heart these fits had wrought,
But I, the simple I, now proue,
That vnder shew of great good will,
My hearts delight you seeke to spill.

He loues me well, that tills a trap,
Of deepe deceit and deadly baine,
In dreadfull danger thus to wrap
His friend by baites of fliering traine:
Though flattering tongues can paint it braue
Your words doe shew what loue you haue.

I must consent, and you will stay
My husbands death. Obtaining this,
You thinke I could not say you nay,
Nor of your other purpose misse,
You are deceiu'd, and you shall trie,
That I such faith and friends defie,

Such

Such fained former faithleſſe plot,
I muſt deteſt, and tell you plaine,
If now I were to caſt my lot,
With free conſent to chuſe againe:
Of all the men I euer knew,
I would not make my choyce of you.

Let this ſuffice, and doe not ſtay,
On hope of that which will not be,
Then ceaſe your ſuit, goe where you may;
Vaine is your truſt, to hope on me.
My choyce is paſt, my heart is bent,
While that remaines to be content.

Now hauing tract the winding trace
Of falſe reſemblance, giue me leaue
From this to ſhew a ſtranger grace,
Then heretofore you did perceaue:
'Gainſt friendleſſe loue if I repine,
The fault is yours and none of mine.

CANT. LXV.

Hen. Will.

I Will not wiſh, I cannot vow
Thy hurt, thy griefe, though thou diſdaine;
Though thou refuſe I know not how
To quite my loue with loue againe:
Since I haue ſwore to be thy friend,
As I began ſo will I end.

Sweare

Sweare thou my death, worke thou my woe,
Conſpire with griefe to ſtop my breath:
Yet ſtill thy friend, and not thy foe,
I will remaine vntill my death.
Chuſe whom thou wilt, I will reſigne,
If loue or faith be like to mine.

But while I wretch too long haue lent,
My wandring eyes, to gaze on thee,
I haue both time and trauell ſpent
In vaine, in vaine: and now I ſee,
They doe but fruitleſſe paine procure,
To haggard Kites that caſt the lure.

When I am dead, yet thou maiſt boaſt:
Thou hadſt a friend a faithfull friend,
That liuing liu'd to loue thee moſt,
And lou'd thee ſtill vnto his end:
Though thou vnworthy, with diſdaine
Didſt force him liue, and dye in paine.

Now may I ſing, now ſigh, and ſay,
Farewell my life, farewell my ioy;
Now mourne by night, now weepe by day
Loue, too much loue breeds mine annoy:
What can I wiſh? what ſhould I craue?
Sith that is gone that I ſhould haue.

Though hope be turned to deſpaire,
Yet giue my tongue leaue to lament,
Beleeue me now, my heart doth ſweare,
My luckleſſe loue was truely ment,
Thou art too proud I ſay no more,
Too ſtout: and woe is me therefore.

Felice chipuo.

Aniſa hauing heard this patheticall fancie of *H. W.* and ſeeing the teares trill downe his cheekes, as halfe angry to ſee ſuch paſſionate folly in man, that ſhould haue gouernment; with a frowning countenance turned from him without further anſwere, making ſilence her beſt reply, and following the counſell of the wiſe, not to anſwere a foole in his folly, leſt he grow too fooliſh, returned quite from him, & left him alone. But he departing home, & not able by reaſon to rule the raging fume of his phantaſticall furie, caſt himſelfe vpon his bed, and refuſing both foode and comfort for many dayes together, fell at length into ſuch extremity of paſſionate affections, that as many as ſaw him, had great doubt of his health, but more of his wits, yet after a long ſpace, abſence hauing procured ſome reſpite from his ſorrowes, he takes his penne and writes as followeth.

CANT. LXVI.

Hen. Will.

LIke wounded deer whoſe tender ſids are bath'd in (blood
Frõ deadly wound by fatal hand & forked ſhaft:
So bleeds my pierced heart, for ſo you think it good,
With cruelty to kill, that which you got by craft:
You ſtil did loth my life, my death ſhal be your gain
To die to do you good, I ſhal not thinke it paine.

My

My perſon could not pleaſe, my talke was out of fram
Though hart & eye could neuer brook my loathed ſight
Yet loue doth make me ſay, to keepe you out of blame,
The fault was onely mine, and that you did but right,
When I am gone, I hope my ghoſt ſhal ſhew you plain
That I did truely loue, and that I did not faine.

Now muſt I find the way to waile while life doth laſt,
Yet hope I ſoone to ſee the end of dolefull daies;
Whē floods of ſlowing feares, & creeping cares are paſt
Then ſhal I leaue to ſing, and write theſe doleful laies
For now I loath the food & blood that lends me breath
I count all pleaſures paine that keepe me frō my death

To darke and heauy ſhades, I now will take my ſlight,
Where neither tongue, nor eye ſhall tell or ſee my fall,
That there I may diſgeſt theſe dregges of thy deſpight,
And purg the clotted blood, that now my hart doth gal
In ſecret ſilence ſo, Perforce ſhall be my ſong,
Till truth make you confeſſe that you haue done me (wrong.

Gia ſpeme ſpenta.

H. W.

AVISA *refusing both to come or send him any answere, after a long and melancholike deliberation, he wrote againe as followeth.*

CANT. LXVII.

HEN. Will.

THough you refuse to come or send;
Yet this I send, though I doe stay,
Vnto these lines some credite lend,
And marke it well what they shall say,
They cannot hurt, then reade them all,
They doe but shew their masters fall.

Though you disdaine to shew remorse,
You were the first, and onely wight.
Whose fawning features did inforce,
My will to runne beyond my might:
In female face such force we see.
To captiue them, that erst were free.

Your onely word was then a law
Vnto my minde, if I did sinne,
Forgiue this sinne, but then I saw
My bane or blisse did then begin:
See what my fancie could haue done,
Your loue at first, if I had wonne.

All

All fortune flat I had defide,
To choyce and change defiance ſent,
No frowning fates could haue denide,
My loues purſuite, and willing bent:
This was my mind, if I had found,
Your loue as mine but halfe ſo ſound.

Then had I bad the helliſh route,
To frounce aloft their wrinckled front,
And curſed hagges that are ſo ſtout,
I boldly would haue bid auaunt:
Let earth and ayre haue frownd their fill,
So I had wrought my wiſhed will.

No raging ſtorme nor whirling blaſt,
My ſetled heart could haue annoyd,
No skie with thundring clouds ore-caſt
Had hurt, if you I had enioyd:
Now hap is paſt, loe you may ſee,
How euery toy tormenteth me. *Chi circa troua.*

CANT. LXVIII.

H. W.

WIth oken planckes to plaine the waues,
What *Neptunes* rage could I haue fear'd?
To quell the gulfe that rudely raues,
What perill could haue once appear'd?
But now that I am left alone,
Bare thoughts inforce my heart to grone.

With thee to passe the chamfered grounds,
What force of feare could me restraine?
With thee to chase the *Scillan* hounds,
Me thinkes it were a pleasant paine:
This was my thought, this was my loue,
Which none but death can yet remoue.

It then behooues my fainted spirit,
To loftie skies returne againe,
Sith onely death brings me delight,
Which louing liue in careless paine,
What hap to stranger is assign'd,
If knowne friends doe such fauour finde.

How often haue my friendly mates,
My louing errors laught to scorne?
How oft for thee found I debates,
Which now I wish had beene forborne?
But this and more would I haue done,
If I thy fauour could haue wonne.

I saw your gardens passing fine,
With pleasant flowres lately deckt,
With Couslips, and with Eglantine,
When wofull Woodbine lies reiect:
Yet these in weeds and bryers doe meete,
Although they seeme to smell so sweete.

The dainty Daysie brauely springs,
And cheifest honour seemes to get.
I enuie not such friendly things,
But blesse the hand that these haue set:
Yet let the Hysop haue his place,
That doth deserue a speciall grace.

Viui, chi vince. CANT.

CANT. LXIX.

H.W.

BVt now farewell your ſelfe ſhall ſee,
An odde exchange of friends in time,
You may perhaps then wiſh for me,
And waile too late this cruell crime:
You wiſh your ſelfe perhaps beſhrew'd,
That you to me ſuch rigor ſhew'd.

I cannot force you for to like,
Where cruell fancie doth rebell,
I muſt ſome other fortune ſeeke,
But where or how I cannot tell:
And yet I doubt where you ſhall find,
In all your life, ſo ſure a friend.

Of pleaſant dayes the date is gone,
My carcaſſe pineth in conceit;
The line of life his race hath runne,
Expecting ſound of deaths retreat:
Yet would I liue to loue thee ſtill,
And doe thee good againſt thy will.

How can I loue, how can I liue,
Whilſt that my heart hath loſt his hope?
Deſpaire abandons ſweet reliefe,
My loue and life, haue loſt their ſcope;
Yet would I liue thy feature to behold,
Yet would I loue, if I might be ſo bold.

My griefe is greene and euer ſprings,
These verſes exceede meaſure, to ſhew that his affections keepe no compaſſe, and exceeding loue.
My ſorrow full of deadly ſap,
Sweete death remoue theſe bitter things,
Giue end to hard and cruell hap:
Yet would I liue, if I might ſee,
My life or limmes might pleaſure thee.

Farewell that ſweete and pleaſant walke,
The witneſſe of my faith and woe,
That oft hath heard our friendly talke,
And gaue me leaue my griefe to ſhow:
O pleaſant path, where I could ſee,
No croſſe at all but onely ſhee.

Il fine, fail tutto.

CANT. LXX.

H. W.

LIke ſilly Bat that loues the darke,
And ſeldome brookes the wiſhed light,
Obſcurely ſo I ſeeke the marke,
That aye doth vaniſh from my ſight:
Yet ſhall ſhee ſay, I dyed her friend,
Though by diſdaine ſhe ſought mine end.

Faine would I ceaſe and hold my tongue,
But loue and ſorrow ſet me on,
Needes muſt I plaine of ſpitefull wrong,
Sith hope and health will both be gone.
When branch from inward rinde is fled,
The barke doth wiſh the body dead.

If

If euer man were borne to woe,
I am the man you know it well,
My chiefeſt friend my greateſt foe,
And heauen become my heauy hell;
This doe I feele, this doe I finde;
But who can looſe that God will binde?

For ſince the day, O diſmall day,
I firſt beheld that ſmiling face,
My fancie made her choyce ſtraight way,
And bad all other loues giue place,
Yea ſince I ſaw the louing ſight,
I freeze and frie, twixt ioy and ſpight.

Where fond ſuſpect doth keepe the gate,
There truſt is chaſed from the dore,
Then faith and truth will come too late,
Where falſhood will admit no more,
Then naked faith and loue muſt yeeld,
For lacke of fence, and flye the field.

Then eaſier were it for to chuſe,
To craule againſt the craggie hill,
Then ſuites, then ſighes, then words to vſe,
To change a froward womans will:
Then othes and vowes are all in vaine,
And truth a toy, where fancies raigne.

Ama, Chitiama.

CANT. LXXI.

H. Will.

MY tongue, my hand, my ready heart,
That ſpake, that felt, that freely thought:
My loue, my limmes, my inward ſmart,
Haue all performed what they ought,
These all doe loue thee yet, and ſhall,
And when I change, let vengeance fall.

Shall I repent I euer ſaw
That face, that ſo can frowne on me?
How can I wiſh, when fancies draw
Mine eyes to wiſh and looke for thee:
Then though you doe deny my right,
Yet barre me not from wiſhed ſight.

And yet I craue I know not what,
Perchance my preſence breedes your paine,
And if I were perſwaded that,
I would in abſence ſtill remaine:
You ſhall not feele the ſmalleſt griefe,
Although it were to ſaue my life.

Ah, wo is me, the caſe ſo ſtands,
That ſenceleſſe papers pleade my woe,
Thy cannot weepe nor wring their hands,
But ſay perhaps that I did ſo:
And though theſe lines for mercy craue,
Who can on papers pitie haue?

O that my griefes, my ſighes, my teares,
Might plainely muſter in your view,
Then paine, not pen; then faith, not feares,
Should vouch my vowes, and writings true:
This wiſhing ſhewes a wofull want,
Of that which you by right ſhould grant.

Now fare thou well, whoſe welfare brings
Such loathſome feare and ill to me.
Yet here thy friend this farewell ſings,
Though heauy word a farewell be.
Againſt all hope if I hope ſtill,
Blame but aboundance of good will.

Grand Amore, grand Dolore,
Inopem me copia fecit.

H. W.

CANT.

CANT. LXXII.

AVISA her laſt reply.

YOur long Epiſtle I haue read,
Great ſtore of words and little wit,
(For want of wit theſe fancies bred)
To anſwer all I thinke not fit:
But in a word, you ſhall perceiue,
How kindly I will take my leaue.

When you ſhall ſee ſweet Lillies grow,
And flowriſh in the frozen Iſe,
When ebbing tides ſhall leaue to flow,
And mountaines to the skies ſhall riſe:
When roaring Seas doe ceaſe to raue,
Then ſhall you gaine the thing you craue.

When fiſh as haggard Hawkes ſhall flye,
When Seas ſhall flame, and Sunne ſhall freeze,
When mortall men ſhall neuer die,
And earth ſhall yeeld no hearb nor trees:
Then ſhall your word my mind remoue,
And I accept your proffered loue.

When Thames ſhall leaue his channell drye,
When ſheepe ſhall feede amidſt the ſea:
When ſtones aloft as birds ſhall flie,
And night be changed into day:
Then ſhall you ſee that I will yeeld,
And to your force reſigne the field.

Till

Till all theſe things doe come to paſſe,
Aſſure your ſelfe, you know my minde;
My heart is now as firſt it was,
I came not of dame *Chryſids* kinde:
Then leaue to hope, learne to refraine
Your minde from that, you ſeeke in vaine.

I wiſh you well, and well to fare,
And therewithall a godly minde,
Deuoide of luſt, and fooliſh care,
This if you ſeeke, this ſhall you finde,
But I muſt ſay, as erſt before;
Then ceaſe to waile and write no more.

Alwayes the ſame
Auiſa.

Hen. Will. *was now againe ſtricken ſo dead, that he hath not yet any further aſſay, nor I thinke euer will and whether he be aliue or dead, I know not, and therefore I leaue him.*

The

The Authors concluſion.

SO thus ſhe ſtands vnconquered yet,
As Lambe amids the Lyons pawes,
Whom gifts, nor wiles, nor force of wit,
Could vanquiſh once for all their ſhewes:
To ſpeak the truth and ſay no more,
I neuer knew her like before.

Then blame me not if I proteſt,
My ſilly Muſe ſhall ſtill commend,
This conſtant *A.* aboue the reſt,
While other learne their life to mend,
My tongue on high, and high ſhall raiſe
And alwayes ſing her worthy prayſe,

While hand can write, while wit deuiſe,
While tongue is free to make report,
Her vertue ſhall be had in priſe,
Among the beſt and honeſt ſort,
And they that will miſlike of this,
I ſhall ſuſpect they ſtrike amiſſe.

Eternall then let be the fame
Of ſuch as hold a conſtant minde;
Eternall be the laſting ſhame,
Of ſuch as waue with euery winde:
Though ſome there be that will repine,
Yet ſome will prayſe this wiſh of mine.

But heere I ceaſe for feare of blame,
Although there be a great deale more,
That might be ſpoken of this dame,
That yet lies hid in ſecret ſtore:
If this be lik't then can I ſay,
Yee may ſee more another day.

Agitante caleſcimus illo.

FINIS.

Farewell.

THE

THE APOLOGIE; shewing the true meaning of WILLOBIE his AVISA.

TO a new Edition giue me leaue to adde a new Inſtruction, for ſuch as I vnderſtand, haue made of the other, a falſe and captious conſtruction. If *Sapiens* come *à Sapore*, (as ſome will haue it, and that as the Taſte iudgeth of meates, ſo wiſe men iudge of natures and intents) I maruaile that ſome men ſo greatly affecting the name of wiſedome, haue by raſh iudgement, (the badge of folly) ſhewed themſelues ſo much vnwiſe, and without ſap. But I ſee that as it happeneth in the diſtemperature of the body, ſo it often fareth in the diſorders of the minde: for the body being oppreſſed with the venemous malice of ſome predominate humor, the ſeate of iudgement which is the taſte, is corrupted: and meates, which of their owne nature are wholeſome and ſweete, ſeeme vnto the mouth (ill affected) both

both bitter, vnſauorie, and vnwholeſome: So the heart being poſſeſſed with a veine of vanitie, or a ſpirit of preiudicate opinion, directeth iudgement by the line of fancie, not of reaſon: and the bitterneſſe of his owne infected folly, marres the ſweete taſte of other mens ſimple and honeſt meaning. Therefore becauſe ſome haue applyed this Poeme, as they ought not; I am inforced to ſpeake that which I thought not.

Many branches of errors, haue ſprouted forth from the roote of one fond and miſconſtrued conceite. The growing of ſuch grafts, I hoped that I had ſufficiently preuented in the Preface firſt printed with this booke. But this is the generall fault of all raſh Readers, when they ſee a booke, they turne either to the middeſt, or the latter end or at all aduentures reading that which at firſt opening they happen on, if that preſently doe not fit their fancie, they will ſodainly pronounce a definitiue ſentence of condemnation, both againſt the matter and the maker: as if by the inſpiration of ſome Pythian Oracle, they were preſently brought in poſſeſſion of the wholeſence, meaning and intent of the Author, hauing reade neither the preface, nor perchance ſix lines of the whole booke.

But moſt I maruaile that one P.C. (who ſeemeth to bee a Scholler) hath beene carried away with this ſtreame of a miſconceiued folly: For I dare pawne my life, that there is no particular woman in the world, that was either partie or priuie to any one ſentence or word in that booke. This poeticall fiction was penned by the Author at leaſt

for

for thirtie and fiue yeeres ſince, (as it will be proued) and lay in waſt papers in his ſtudy, as many other prettie things did, of his deuiſing; and ſo might haue continued ſtill (as his *Suſanna* yet doth) had not I, contrarie to his knowledge, with paine collected it; and (in conſideration of the good end, to which it was directed) publiſhed it. Seeing therefore that I gaue the offence, I muſt ſatisfie for it, in defending innocents from ſlanderous tongues. This plaine Morall deuice was plotted only for the repreſſion and opening of *Vice*, and to the exaltation and triumph of *Vertue*, as hee himſelfe ſaith.

My ſleepy Muſe that wakes but now,
To vertues prayſe hath paſt her vow.

Vertue therefore being *Genus*, and Chaſtitie *Species*, if hee ſhould haue deſcribed it, either in *Genere*, or *Specie*, as ſome haue done, he might haue beene as obſcure as ſome others haue beene. Hee fained therefore an *Indiuiduum*, as it were a particular of this ſpeciall, the more familiarly to expreſſe it, as it were in common talke, as if one did anſwere another, to delight the reader the more, with variety of folly quenched preſently, with the like varietie of Vertue. To this fained *Indiuiduum*, he gaue this fained name *Aniſa*. Which poeticall fiction P. C. calleth a pamphlet. It is folly for a man to deſpiſe that which he cannot mend. The Author was vnknowne, not becauſe hee could not; but becauſe hee would not know him: his true name being open in euery Page. He ſaith: the Author hath regiſtred the mea-

neſt. I thought that Chaſtitie had not beene the meaneſt, but rather one of the greateſt gifts, that God giueth to men or women. If by the meaneſt, he meane any other obiect or ſubiect of *Willobie* his Muſe, then Chaſtity it ſelfe, (vnder the fained name of *Auiſa*) it is a meaning of his owne making; and a ſubiect of his owne ſuggeſtion, far from the mind of the firſt maker. None can eternize their folly in things which they neuer thought of: but I pray God ſome other haue not eternized their follies, more wayes then one. If this fained name of *Auiſa* miſlike any man, for any hidden or priuate cauſe to the Author or me vnknowne, let him call it what he will: So that he vnderſtand that it is Chaſtity it ſelfe, not any woman in the world, that is fained to giue theſe foyles to this foule vice.

Therefore whereas ſome in their grauity deſpiſe it for the lightneſſe, and thinke it is but a fantaſticall toy, without any reach or ſecret ſence, I will not ſtriue to turne the courſe of that ſtreame. Yet if my fancie might be admitted a iudge in this matter, it would produce a ſentence of a farre contrary nature. For it ſeemeth rather to me that the Author intending ſome rare exploit, endeuoured to deſcribe the doubtful combat, that is daily fought betweene Vice and Vertue, two princes of great power. And to that end he choſe out two of the moſt approued Captaines of both the Campes to trie the quarrell. Out of the one hee tooke *Luxuriam*, Lecherie, which as we ſee, ſwayeth the minds of the greateſt men, and commandeth largely. Out of the other,

he

he oppoſeth *Caſtitatem*, Chaſtitie, a ſouldier rarely ſeene (in theſe dayes) to reſiſt the enemies Puſh, and therefore in one of his verſes, is called A Phœnix, or rare-ſeene bird.

The ſouldiers which hee drawes forth to fight vnder the banner of this Captaine Lecherie, are all eſtates and degrees, and all Countries and Common-wealthes: meaning, that no men, from the higheſt eſtate to the loweſt; no Countries, from the moſt ciuill to the moſt barbarous, are free from the ſeruile ſubiection of this raging principality: So that in this part, hee deſcribeth the combats, the aſſaults, the intiſements, and allurements, which Noblemen, Gentlemen, and all other looſe and vnbridled mindes, can by money, wealth, pleaſure, force, fancy, or any other patheticall paſſion, procure, or deuiſe, to raze the walls of beſieged Chaſtity. Vnder whoſe banner he ſendeth forth onely one poore woman, of a fayned name (minding to ſhew what the propertie of good women ſhould bee) to reſiſt ſo many, ſo mighty, ſo ſtrong, and ſubtill enemies fighting with ſuch forcible weapons of honour authority, glorie, eaſe and pleaſure. Surely, he imagined, that in ſome women there was yet left ſo much Chaſtitie, as was able to reſiſt the lewd and diuelliſh temptations of all men whatſoeuer. And therefore, through the whole booke, he attributeth the victory to vertue, and the foyle to folly.

And farther, where as in other bookes, there is found a bare deſcription onely, or naming of Vice or vertue, me thinkes in reading of this, my con-

ceite tels mee that in the perſon of this woman all the morall vertues, with one voyce are heard pleading, and diſcourſing at large againſt vice, in a liuely action: In whoſe words, (if they bee conſidered from the beginning to the end) we may ſee, how the ſpirit of God ſtriueth againſt the Spirit of Sathan, by reaſons, by Scriptures, and by prophane Hiſtories, to lay open the greatneſſe, the foulneſſe, the danger, and deceit of this deadly ſin, that rageth ſo hotly, in the vnmortified members of mortall men.

On the other ſide me thinks I ſee how the Deuill calling together all his companie, in hope of a conqueſt tries all wayes and aſſayes all meanes to effect his deſire. But his labor is imagined heere to be loſt, and that there is ſome modeſty, wiſedome, honeſtie and feare of God remaining yet in ſome women, ſufficient at all times to ouercome him. Therfore whoſoeuer accounteth this Poeme, but a vaine fiction, cutteth the throate of all feminine faith, and robbeth all chaſt Ladies of their chiefeſt honour.

Some others, being much addicted to that ſweete bitter ſinne of Leacherie, thinke their ſecret practices of bauderie, to be too plainely deſcribed, and therefore labour to haue it regiſtred for a meere toy, I will not, as a Phyſition aſſay, with *Helleborus* to purge their heads of thoſe humors, leaſt perhaps they bee of the men of *Abydus*, who (as *Ariſtotle* reporteth) being mad, tooke ſuch delight in their madneſſe that they were angry with them, that brought them to their wits.

Some

Some others there be, who when they haue read this booke, haue blushed to themselues, finding, as they thought, their very words and writings which they had vsed in the like attempts. In which is to be noted, the force of a guilty conscience, which feares where no feare is, and flyeth when no man followeth. These fancies (forsooth) haue framed names to letters, of their owne deuices; and they haue imagined places of their owne placing, so fitly for euerie description, that they will needs inforce the Author to speake of them, whom he neuer knew; to aym at their fancies, whose faces he neuer saw; and to Cypher their names, whose natures to him were ignorant and strange.

Lastly; concerning the fained name of AVISA I haue shewed the Authors deuice, and his reason for the fiction, in the first Preface, which I thought would haue quailed all other fictions whatsoeuer.

But yet if farder yee will haue my conceit, the order, words, and frame of the whole discourse, force me to think that which I am vnwilling to say. That this name insinuateth, that there was neuer such a woman seene, as heere is described. For the word A' VISA is compounded, (after the Greeke manner) of the priuatiue particle *A*, which signifieth *Non*: and of the participle *Visus, Visa, Visum*, which signifieth, Seene: So that *A'uisa* should signifie (by this) as much as *Non visa*, that is: Such a woman as was neuer seene. Which if it bee true, then *Auisa* is yet vnborne, that must reioyce in this prayse. The Author in this booke compareth this vertue of Chastity vnto a Bird, as is seene in

his introduction, saying: *Of Vertues Bird*, my muse must sing.

For as the Birde by his wings mounteth in the aire vpwards to heauen: So Chastitie, where euer it is, makes the minde to mount from the base and filthy society of earthly conceits, and fits it to flie vp to God, in heauenly meditations; whereas lust and wicked pleasures, chaine the minde in thraldome of fleshly concupiscence (as *Prometheus* was tyed to the hill *Caucasus*) which will not suffer the thoughts to ascend by any meanes. The same Hieroglyphicall allusion they meant, that pictured S. *Iohn* with a Birde sitting by him, to signifie, that of all the foure Euangelistes, hee in his Gospell flew highest, and spake most of the Dietie of Christ. Now therefore the latine word of a Birde being *Auis*, and the Author (perchance) alluding vnto that, did the rather call, his victorious mouting victory of Vertue, by the name of *Auisa*, as alluding to his owne allusion. If any man therefore by this, should take occasion to surmise, that the Author meant to note any woman, whose name sounds something like that name, it is too childish and too absurd, and not beseeming any deepe iudgement, considering there are many things, which cannot be applyed to any woman.

But to conclude, thus much, I dare precisely auouch, that the Author intended in this discourse, neither the description or prayse of any particular woman; nor the naming or cyphering of any particular man. But in generall vnder a fained name insinuateth what godly and constant women

should

ſhould doe, and ſay in ſuch lewde temptations, And alſo, vnder fained letters, generally expreſſeth, what courſe moſt of theſe lawleſſe ſuters take, in purſuit of their fancied fooleries, and therefore this P.C. hath offred manifeſt iniurie to ſome, what euer they bee, whom his priuate fancie hath ſecretly framed in conceit.

This is the leaſt that I could ſay, and the laſt that euer I wil ſay touching this matter in defence of my friend. If any notwithſtanding will continue the errour of their vnſatisfied minds they muſt for euer reſt in the rightleſſe erring, till the Authour (now of late gone to God) returne from Heauen to ſatisfie them farder touching his meaning. And ſo farwel. Oxford this 30. of *Iune*. 1569.

* * *

Thine to vſe,

Hadrian Dorrell.

The victorie of English Chastitie,

Vnder the fained name of

AVISA.

FOr beauties Ball, in *Ida*-Vale,
Three Nimphes at once, did once contend,
The Princely *Shepheard* of the *Dale*,
By iudgement did the quarrell end:
That *Paris* might faire *Hellen* haue,
The *Golden Price* to *Venus* gaue.

In *Sea-bred* soyle, on *Tempe* downes,
Whose siluer spring, from *Neptunes* Well,
With mirth salutes the neighbour townes,
A hot *Contention* lately fell:
Twice two sweet *Graces*, vrge the strife,
Of two which was the *Constant'st* wife.

Faire *Venus* vaunts *Penelops* fame
From *Greece*, from listes of *Lauin Land*
Proud *Iuno* stoutly doth the same,
Whose prayse in princely wealth doth stand:
They both condemne *Diana's* choyce,
That to *Anisa* gaue her voyce.

Then

Then came the pale *Athenian Muſe*,
Whoſe learned wiſdome paſt them all,
She with *Diana* did refuſe
The *Grecians* prayſe: though *Iuno* call,
Chaſte *Wit* to *Wealth* here will not yeeld:
Nor yet to ſtrangers leaue the field:

Contention. Whil'ſt *Eris* flaſht theſe fretting flames,
A Noble prince in *Roſie* borne,
A noble man of Greece, not faire from Helicon. *Rogero* hight, to *Angry* dames,
His flying ſteed, and pace did turne,
Which done they all pid ſtraight agree,
That this *Rogero*, Iudge ſhould be.

On flowrie bancks, this Councell pla'ſt,
From iealous *Iuno's* enuious eyes,
Long ſmothered hate flames forth at laſt,
In furious ſmoakes of angry cries:
As though ſhe had the Garland wan,
With ſcoffing termes, ſhe thus began.

The Oration of *Iuno* againſt Engliſh Chaſtity vnder the name of *Auiſa*.

„ Stoop *Grecian* trumpes, ceaſe *Romans* prayſe,
„ Shut vp with ſhame, your famous dames;
„ Sith we our ſelues *Baſe Britans* rayſe
„ To ouer-Top their chiefeſt fames:
„ With *Noble* faith what madneſſe dare,
„ Such *Nonell* gueſtes and faith compare?

„ *Penelope* muſt now contend
„ For chaſte renowne: whoſe conſtant heart,
„ Both Greeks and Latines all commend
„ With poore *Auiſa* new vpſtart;
„ I ſcorne to ſpeake much in this caſe,
„ Her prayſes *Riuall* is ſo baſe.

Penelope ſprang from Noble houſe,
By Noble match, twice Noble made,
Auiſa, both by Syre and ſpouſe,
Was linckt to men of meaneſt trade:
What furie forc't *Diana's* wit,
To match theſe two ſo farre vnfit?

The *Grecian* dame of princely peeres
Twice fifty flatly did denie:
Twice ten yeeres long in doubtfull feares,
Could new *Auiſa* ſo reply?
And ſhe that is ſo ſtout and ſtrong,
Could ſhe haue ſtaid but halfe ſo long?

Fie, leaue for ſhame, thus to commend,
So baſe a *Britaine*, ſhall I ſpeake?
I thinke theſe Muſes did intend,
To blow a glaſſe that ſhould not breake:
Here *Venus* ſmilde, and *Iuno* ſtaid,
Iudge now (quoth ſhe) for I haue ſaid.

When *Pallas* heard this ruſling rage,
Theſe toying ieſtes, this falſe ſurmiſe:
Shee pawſ'd which way ſhe might aſſwage,
The flame that thus began to riſe,
With ſetled grace and modeſt eye,
Thus did ſhee frame her milde reply.

The reply of *Pallas* againſt *Iuno* in defence of *Auiſa*.

Thou princely *Iudge* here maiſt thou ſee,
What force in *Error* doth remaine,
In Enuious Pride what fruites there be,
To writhe the paths, that lie ſo plaine:
A double darknes drownes the mind,
Whom ſelfe will make ſo wilfull blind.

„ Can *Britaine* breede no *Phœnix* bird,
„ No constant feme in Englisſh field?
„ To Greece to Rome, is there no third,
„ Hath *Albion* none that will not yeeld?
„ If this affirme you will not dare,
„ Then let me *Faith* with *Faith* compare.

„ Let choyce reſpect of *Perſons* ſlide
„ Let *Faith ana Faith* a while contend,
„ Vrge not the *Names* till cauſe be tride,
„ Tis onely *Faith*, that we commend,
„ We ſtriue not for *Auiſa's* fame,
„ We recke not of *Auiſa's* name.

Willoby deſcribed no particular woman, but only Chaſtity and faith it ſelfe vnder the name of *Auiſa*.

„ To proue him vaine, that vainely ſtriues,
„ That Chaſtity is no where found,
„ In Engliſh earth, in Britiſh wiues,
„ That all are fickle, all vnſound,
„ We framde a wench, we fain'd a name,
„ That ſhould confound them all with ſhame.

„ To this at firſt you did conſent,
„ And lent with ioy your helping hand,
„ You both at firſt were well content,
„ This fained frame ſhould firmely ſtand,
„ We to *Diana* gaue the maide,
„ That ſhe might no way be betraid.

Chaſtity is termed *Auiſa quaſi Non Viſa, aut ab Aue Altivolante.*

„ The mounting *Phœnix*, *chaſt deſire*,
„ This *Vertue* fram'd, to conquer *Vice*,
„ This *Not-ſeene Nimph*, this heatleſſe fire,
„ This *Chaſt found bird*, of noble price,
„ Was nam'de *Auiſa* by decree,
„ That *Name and nature* might agree.

„

If

If this *Anisa* represent,
Chast Vertue in a fained *name*,
If *Chastity* it selfe be ment,
To be extold with lasting fame:
Her Greekish gemme can *Iuno* dare,
With this *Anisa* to compare?

Let wise *Vlysses* constant mate,
Vaunt noble birth her richest boast,
Yet will her challenge come too late,
When *Pride and wealth* haue done their most,
For this *Anisa* from aboue
Came downe whose Syre, is mighty *Ioue*.

How can you terme her then *Obscure*,
That shines so bright in euery eye?
How is she base that can endure,
So long, so much and mounts so hie?
If she you meane, haue no such power,
Tis your *Anisa*, none of our.

This not seene bird, though rarely found,
In proud attire, in gorgeous gownes,
Though shee loue most the countrie ground,
And shunnes the great and wealthy townes,
Yet if you know a bird so base,
In this *Deuice* she hath to place.

Was Greekish dame twice ten yeares chast,
Did she twice fiftie flat deny?
Anisa hath *Ten thousand* past,
To thousands daily doth reply,
If your *Anisa* haue a blot,
Your owne it is, we know her not.

Chastity is the gift of God.

True Chastity is sooner and oftner found in the poorest then in the richest.

Chastity is daily assaulted a thousand wayes yet it still getteth the victorie.

Some

„ Some greatly doubt your *Grecian* dame
„ Where all be true that Poets faine:
„ But *Chaſtity* who can for ſhame,
„ Denie ſhe hath, and will remaine.
„ Though women daily doe relent.
„ Yet this *Auiſa* cannot faint.

The effects, of true Chaſtitie.

„ She quels by *Reaſon* filthy *luſt*,
„ Shee chokes by *Wiſdome* leude Deſires,
„ Shee ſhunnes the baite that Fondlings truſt,
„ From Sathans ſleights ſhe quite retires,
„ Then let *Auiſa's* prayſe bee ſpread,
„ When rich and poore, when all are dead.

„ Let idle vaine, and *Flewent Rigges*,
„ Be *Canton'de* with eternall ſhame,
„ Let blowing buddes of bleſſed twigges,
„ Let *Chaſt-Auiſa* liue with fame:
„ This ſaid, *Sweet Pallas* takes her reſt,
„ Iudge *Prince* (quoth ſhe) what you thinke beſt.

The ſentence of *Rogero* againſt *Inno*.

But wiſe *Rogero* pawſing ſtaid,
Whoſe ſilence ſeem'd to ſhew ſome doubt,
Yet this at laſt he grauely ſaid:
Ye *Nimphes* that are ſo faire, ſo ſtout,
Sith I your *Iudge* to Iudge muſt be,
Accept in worth, this ſhort decree.

„ The queſtion is, where *Grecian Ghoſt*,
„ Can ſtaine the ſtemme of *Troyan* raſe:
„ Where *Ithac Nimphes* may onely boaſt,
„ And *Britiſh Faith* account as baſe,
„ Where old *Penelops* doubtfull fame,
„ *Selfe Chaſtity* may put to ſhame?

I count *Vlysses* happy *Then*, ,,
I deeme our selues as happy *Now*, ,,
His wife denide all other men, ,,
I know them yet that will not bow, ,,
For *Chastity* I durst compare, ,,
With *Greece*, with *Rome*, with who that dare ,,

Our English earth such *Angels* breeds, ,,
As can disdaine all *Forraine* prayse, ,, England for Chastitie
For *Learning*, *Wit*, for *sober Deeds*, ,, may yet
All *Europe Dames* may learne their wayes: ,, compare with any
Sith I of both may take my choyce, ,, country in
Our *Not-seene Bird* shall haue my voyce. ,, the world.

Sweete Chastity shall haue my hand, ,,
In England found, though rarely seene, ,,
Rare Chastitie, To this I stand, ,,
Is still as firme, as erst hath beene: ,,
While this *Auisa* is the shee, ,, Conclusion.
This *Chast desire* shall *Victor* be. ,,

The *Rose* appeares in *Venus* face,
Vermillion dies pale *Iuno's* cheekes,
They both doe blush at this disgrace,
But *Iuno* chiefe, something mislikes,
As though she felt some inward touch,
That for her *Grecke* had spoke so much.

FINIS.

Thomas Willoby Frater
Henrici Willoby nuper defuncti.

The reſolution of a Chaſt and *a Conſtant Wife.*

THough winged birds do often ſcorne the lure,
And flying far, do thinke themſelues moſt ſure,
Yet fancie ſo his luring engines frame,
That wildeſt Harts in time become moſt tame.

Where ſecret nature frames a ſweet conſent,
Where Priuie fates their hidden force haue bent,
To ioyne in heart the bodies that are twaine,
Flie where you liſt you ſhall returne againe.

From fancies lore, I ſtriued ſtill to flie,
Long time I did my fortune flat denie,
Till at the length my wreſtling bred my woe,
Knowing that none their fortune can forgoe.

For while I liu'd in prime of vernant youth,
Falſhood that ſhew'd the face of fained truth,
Falſely gan weaue a web of wylie kinde,
So to intrap my plaine and ſimple mind.

Great were the ſuits, great were the friendly ſignes,
Sweet were the words, to poyſon tender minds,
Large were the gifts, great were the proffers made,
To force my mind to trie a truſtleſſe trade.

Great

Great were the wights, that daily did conspire,
To plucke the rose, their fancies did desire,
Traile did the teares, in hope to purchase trust,
Yet this was all no loue, but luring lust.

No fancie could then force me to reply,
Nor moue my mind such doubtfull deeds to try:
For well I knew although I knew not all,
Such tickle trades procure a sudden fall.

Thus did I mount, thus did I flye at will,
Thus did I scape the fowlers painted skill,
Thus did I saue my feathers from their lime,
Thus did I liue, a long and happy time.

Cupid, that great and mightie Kings could moue,
Could neuer frame my heart to like of loue,
His limber shafts, and eke his golden dart,
Were still too blunt, to pierce my steely hart.

Till at the length, as nature had assign'd,
Vnto the earth, I bent a willing mind:
He was the first, to whom I gaue my hand,
With free consent, to liue in holy band.

Eua that gaue her faithfull promise so,
With *Adam* to liue in wealth and in woe,
Of faithfull heart could neuer haue more store,
Then I haue felt, thrice three yeeres space and more.

When I had giu'n my heart and free consent,
No earthly thing could make me once repent,
No seas of griefe, no cares that I could find,
Could so preuaile, to make me change my mind.

Did fortune fawne, or did our fortune frowne;
Did he exalt, or did he cast me downe,
My faithfull heart did euer make me sing,
Welcome to me what euer fortune bring.

Now when I thought all dangers had beene past,
Of lawlesse sutes, and sutors at the last;
The trade, the time, the place wherein I liue,
Vnto this Lampe, new oyle doe daily giue.

But like of this all you that loue to range,
My fixed heart likes not the skittish change,
Now haue I made the choyce that shall remaine,
Vengeance befall when I doe change againe.

Now haue I found a friend of high desert,
I haue his loue, and he hath stolne my heart,
Now fortune packe with all thy pelting store,
This is my choyce, I like to chuse no more.

Cease then your suites, you lusty gallants all
Thinke not I stoope at euery Faulkners call,
Trusse vp your lures, your luring is in vaine,
Chosen is the Pearch, whereon I will remaine.

Spend not your breath in needlesse fained talkes,
Seeke other mates, that loue such rouing walkes,
None shall ere vaunt, that they haue my consent,
Then let me rest, for now I am content.

Great be your birth, and greater be your wealth,
I reckon more my credit and my health,
Though I be weake, my power very scant,
God so prouides that I shall neuer want.

Be mine owne at home, or be he abſent long,
Abſent or preſent, this ſtill ſhall be my ſong,
Fortune my friend, a friend to me hath lent,
This is my choyce, and therewith am content.

Range they that liſt, and change who euer will,
One hath mine oath, and his I will be ſtill,
Now let vs fall, or let vs riſe on hie,
Still will I ſing, now well content am I.

The prayse of a contented minde.

THe God that fram'de the fixed Pole,
And Lampes of gleaming light,
The azure skies, and twinkling ſtars,
To yeeld this pleaſant ſight;
In wiſedome pight this peereleſſe plot,
A rare ſurpaſſing frame,
And ſo with braue and ſweet delights,
Hath fraught and deckt the ſame,
That euery creatures keepe his courſe,
His compaſſe and his place,
And with delightfull ioyes outrunnes,
His pointed time and race.
In one conſent they friendly ioyne,
From which they cannot fall,
As if the Lord hath firſt ordain'd,
One ſoule to guide them all.
In euery part there doth remaine,
Such loue and free conſent,
That euery frame doth kiſſe his lot,
And cries I am content.
The Artike Pole that neuer moues,
By which the ſhipmen ſayle,
Craues not to change his frozen Axe,
Nor from his place to ſteale,
The fixed ſtarres, that ſeldome range,
Delight their circles ſo,
That from their choyce by wanton change,
They neuer yeeld to go.

The Sunne and Moone that neuer hide,
Their braue reſplendent rayes,
Did neuer wiſh in wauering will,
To change their wonted wayes.
The Roaring Sea, with Ebbes and tides,
That leapes againſt the land,
Is yet content for all his rage,
To ſtay within his band.
The floting Fiſh, the ſinging Bird,
All beaſts with one conſent,
To liue according to their kind,
Doe ſhew themſelues content.
So that by practice and by proofe,
This ſentence true I find,
That nothing in this earth is like,
A ſweete contented mind.
The Beaſtes, the Birds, and ayrie powers,
Doe keepe their compaſſe well,
And onely man aboue the reſt,
Doth loue for to rebell.
This onely man the Lord aboue,
With reaſon did indue,
Yet onely man, vngratefull man,
Doth ſhew himſelfe vntrue.
No ſooner was braue *Adam* made,
But Sathan wrought his thrall,
For not content, aſpiring pride
Procur'd his ſudden fall.
The princely Primroſe of the Eaſt,
Proud *Eua* gaue conſent,
To change her bliſſe to bale, for that
Her minde was not content.

Thus may the darkeſt eye perceiue,
How folly ſtrikes vs blind,
Thus may we ſee the often change,
Of mans vnconſtant mind.
The Moone, the Sea, by natures courſe,
Do not ſo often change,
As doe the wits and wanton wills,
Of ſuch as loue to range.
The wrangling range that held from home
Vlyſſes all too long,
Made chaſte *Penelope* complaine,
Of him that did her wrong.
She loathſome dayes, and lingring nights,
Her time in ſpinning ſpent:
She would not yeeld to change her choyſe,
Becauſe ſhe was content.
Such calme content doth plainely ſhew,
That loue did much abound,
Where free conſent breeds not content,
Such faith is ſeldome found.
For careleſſe *Cryſid* that had giu'n,
Her hand, her faith, and heart,
To *Troylus* her truſty friend,
Yet falſely did depart:
And giglot like from Tröy towne,
To Grecians campe would goe,
To *Diomede*, whom in the end,
She found a faithleſſe foe,
For hauing ſliu'd the gentle ſlip,
His loue was turn'd to hate.
And ſhee a leper did lament,
But then it was too late.

Now

Now fooliſh fancie was the cauſe,
This *Cryſid* did lament.
For when ſhe had a faithfull friend,
She could not be content.
Ten thouſand fell at *Troyes* ſiege,
Whoſe bloud had not beene ſpent,
If fickle headed *Hellen* could,
At firſt haue beene content.
You cannot in the Serpents head,
Such deadly poyſon find,
As is the fained loue that liues,
With diſcontented mind.
Of all the wiſedome of the wiſe,
That I could euer tell,
This wiſedome beares the chiefeſt ſway,
To ſtay when we be well.
As ſweeteſt Muſicke rudely iarres,
Except there be conſent:
So hotteſt loue doth quickly coole,
Except it be content.
Of all the braue reſounding words,
Which God to man hath lent,
This ſoundeth ſweeteſt in mine eare,
To ſay, *I am content.*

Euer or neuer.

FINIS.

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